MARGARET'S TRAVELS

ANTHONY YORKE

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Margaret's Travels

LETTERS FROM MARGARET LEE
OF NEW YORK
TO FLORENCE JACKSON
OF CHICAGO

BY
ANTHONY YORKE Yeard.

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Dedicated to

THE NATIONAL ORDER OF THE DAUGHTERS
OF ISABELLA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Bon Voyage	7
Aboard the Good Ship Cedric	10
Mal de Mer	15
The Emerald Isle	19
Blarney Castle	24
Glengariff	29
Over the Mountains	32
Lakes of Killarney	35
Dublin	40
Glendalough	45
The North of Ireland	52
London	61
The Tower	69
Up the Thames	78
Literary Shrines	83
Some English Peculiarities	89
La Ville-Lumiere	95
Boulevards	100
The Louvre	105
The Opera House	110
Quartier Latin	116
Fontainebleau	122
Lucerne	125
Como	133

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Milan	141
Venice	146
The Lagoon and the Grand Canal	154
Florence	159
The Pitti Palace	165
St. Peter's	168
Capitoline and Roman Forum	173
The Coliseum	179
The Catacombs	184
The Palatine Hill and the Baths of Caracalla	189
Some Objects of Interest	193
Audience with the Holy Father	198
An Evening Drive	204
Naples	208
Vesuvius	214
Blue Grotto	221
Pisa	227
"La Superba"	233
The Riviera	235
Marseilles	241
Paris	243
Versailles	246
Au Revoir	252
Home Again	254

MARGARET'S TRAVELS

BON VOYAGE.

No doubt you will be greatly surprised on opening this letter to learn that I am on my way to Europe. Perhaps you will think that I should have let you know of my intended trip. The fact is it came so unexpectedly that I can hardly believe it is a reality. I am almost dazed by the suddenness of it. When I explain to you the circumstances, you will understand why I could not write you sooner.

You know, of course, that for some time past my sister Alice has been desirous of becoming a nun. While my mother is agreeable, my father bitterly opposes this step. Alice has called at the convent many times to talk over the matter with the sisters, and they tell her to be patient and to pray, and that *Le Bon Dieu* will bring everything out all right. Alice has prayed and held many consultations with my

father, but he is firmly set against her entering a religious life.

Alice is very much in earnest and very spiritual. The other day I chanced upon a little book she was reading, and I saw a passage underlined, which said, "Let us mortify our bodies so that when we come to die there will be less of them to die." Isn't that a dreadful thought? I never think things like that. The underlining of the words worried me, so I went to the convent and had a talk with the Mother Superior. I showed her the book. She smiled and said that the having of such ideas was a sign of a religious vocation. She went on to say that she had them herself when she was a novice, and she was ashamed now after thirty years in the Community that her health was so good. "You need not worry about your sister," she said. "If she joins our order we will take the best care of her, and as she will be under a vow of obedience, she will have to do as her superiors say." That rather reassured me. I am glad that my father did not see that book. I have been taking the best care of myself, as I want to gain a little flesh, and behold, my sister is reading books commending the opposite, so as to be better prepared for heaven.

Father's attitude has caused Alice great

worry. A few evenings ago they had a serious talk on the subject, and Alice broke down. He became alarmed at her nervous condition, and insisted on her taking a rest. It was either a sanitarium or Europe, and Europe won out. You may imagine how busy we have been, having but forty-eight hours to get ready for our first trip abroad.

English is spoken almost everywhere in Europe I understand, though it is a great advantage to know French. Alas! my knowledge of Ollendorf is limited. I think I remember the French of "Is the shoemaker ill? No, but the wife of the butcher has a pain in her foot."

My father has provided us with a letter of credit, and we are taking some American gold, which circulates everywhere. We have bought two heavy steamer rugs and arranged for steamer-chairs during the trip.

I will send this letter ashore to be mailed, and it will, no doubt, reach you in Chicago to-morrow evening. I regret very much that you are not with us.

ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP *CEDRIC.*

This is the third day out. Alice has recuperated wonderfully and seems reconciled to her banishment. We took the southern course to avoid icebergs, so I am informed, and the weather has been delightful—perhaps a trifle too warm.

We felt rather lonesome the morning we sailed. Mother wept as she bade us good-by, and so did we, and I could see tears glistening in my father's eyes. Alice bore up bravely, but it must have been a great trial to her to be ordered away under the circumstances.

I need not dwell upon the sights of the vanishing city—its skyscrapers, its busy rivers, its immense bridges and the lady who holds the torch of Liberty aloft.

The first incident of importance was the dropping of the pilot. The pilot carries back with him to New York the letters and postal cards that the passengers have written on their way down the bay. The pilot leaves the steamer by means of a rope ladder, down which he climbs into a small boat which conveys him to

the pilot boat awaiting him. It is quite an interesting sight, and reminded me very forcibly of the famous picture by Bernard Partridge published in the London "Punch" some years ago, when Emperor William cashiered the great Bismarck. The picture was entitled, "Dropping the Pilot," and showed Bismarck going down the ladder, with the German Emperor leaning over the rail of the vessel watching him.

The sea, as I said, has been delightful. Warm, caressing winds have blown over it for several days.

Yesterday one of the sailors died. He was buried just before midnight. We watched his body being consigned to the deep. The captain had chosen a late hour at night when there would be few passengers about, for the reason, I believe, that a daytime burial would have had a saddening effect upon them.

Last evening we passed a freighter of the White Star Line, and this caused a little excitement. The two vessels were wig-wagging for some time, and finally, when they came abreast, each one shot off fireworks, one piece in the shape of a big white star being especially effective.

Every morning, owing to the system of wire-

less telegraphy on board, we are informed of the different vessels we passed the day previous. We seldom see any of these boats, as they are fifty or a hundred miles away, but it sort of keeps one in touch with things.

Did you notice that word, "wig-wagging?" It shows you, no doubt, that I have some nautical knowledge. It is wonderful how much of this is floating about. Everybody seems to know about longitudes and latitudes, the tonnage of a vessel, how she compares with other ocean liners, what flag-signaling indicates, and many other things. One of the men connected with the steamer turned to me yesterday, after listening to the opinion of a land-lubber, and said quietly, "It is wonderful what these people don't know about a ship." I always learn something about a vessel when I am on it a few days, but I invariably forget all that I have learned by the time I board another one. If I only knew as much at the beginning of a sea journey as I do at the end, I think I would make a brilliant conversationalist in nautical affairs, but, unfortunately, by the time I have picked up a decent supply of sea lore everybody else knows just as much, if not more. For this reason I seldom venture an opinion.

The time on board ship passes quickly enough. I rise about seven o'clock, walk the deck twenty minutes, and then go down to a good breakfast. Another walk on the deck after breakfast, then a couple of games of shuffle-board, which is not played on a shuffle-board with small iron weights, but on the ship's deck.

About ten o'clock hot bouillon and crackers are served. The passengers lie off in their steamer-chairs like invalids at a sanitarium and consume the bouillon and crackers which the ship's steward brings to them.

The next event is dinner, and, as the sea has been quiet during the trip, the dining-room has been crowded. After dinner one can walk, or get a book out of the library and pass the time reading. I found a book on the Renaissance, and I have enjoyed it very much in anticipation of all the artistic things I am going to see when I get into France and Italy.

About four o'clock the steward again comes around with tea and cake for the delicate creatures that are lolling about on the steamer-chairs and gazing by the hour on the trackless waste of waters or the empyrean blue above.

The nights at sea have been beautiful.

There are so many stars. No more, I suppose, that there are on land, but there seem to be. Surely, the heavens tell of the glory of God.

"Look how the floor of Heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," as Shakespeare says.

We have become acquainted with a Mrs. Lawlor and her son Jack. They come from San Francisco. Mrs. Lawlor's husband died about a year ago, and, as she has been rather broken down in health, she determined to take a trip to Europe. As she had no definite trip in mind, we have agreed to keep together. My father told me to remain away two months, and Mrs. Lawlor says that is about as long as she cares to travel. Mrs. Lawlor is a young-looking woman, though her hair is quite white. Her manner is soothing and her voice low and sweet. Her son is a big, muscular young man, whose only care in life seems to be his mother.

MAL DE MER

I feel that I must write you another letter, so you are fated to receive two from me in the same mail.

I pride myself on being a pretty good sailor. In several coastwise trips that I have made, I did not suffer from *mal de mer* when many another stout heart gave way, but I went down miserably this time. The sea had been so quiet every day we were all sure that the danger of sea-sickness that we had anticipated was passed, but the sea is a fitful creature and a storm may suddenly arise on its calm waters.

We were sitting on deck yesterday morning, chatting merrily, when the wind began to freshen and in a few minutes a violent storm swept down upon us. The waves increased in fury, the sky became as dark as Erebus, and soon our steamer was plunging into the depths and again pitching its bow heavenwards. You can imagine the sensation produced by these movements. Then occasionally the vessel would roll from side to side. That was a change from the plunging motion, but I don't know that it was a welcome one.

Mrs. Lawlor was the first one to feel uncomfortable. Alice and I accompanied her to her state-room. Now and then a wave would sweep over the ship, and the water flowing along the passageways looked dangerous and rather frightened me. Alice remained with Mrs. Lawlor and I came up to join Jack.

In the meantime the captain had given orders that no one should be allowed to go on deck, as there was some danger of being swept overboard. The storm increased in fury every moment, and I began to dread that the boat would sink. Between nervousness and the pitching of the steamer, I soon collapsed. Jack quickly got Alice, and they brought me safely below. For the rest of the day and all the night I was miserably ill. Believe me, sea-sickness is, to say the least, a very unpleasant sensation. If one only got sick, and then better, it would not be so bad, but to lie for hours in a berth listening to a fog-horn blowing every minute, and every minute feeling more wretched, is an experience I could very well do without. Many people say sea-sickness is a good thing, but I do not believe it. I think it is rather useless.

Alice is a trump, if one may use such an indecorous expression in describing a future nun. She attended to Mrs. Lawlor and myself unre-

mittingly, and if she was affected by the storm, she showed no signs of it. Perhaps she was practicing self-abnegation. I told her there ought to be an order of nuns to take care of sea-sick people, and that she should be the Mother Superior.

Early this morning the storm ceased and the sea began to behave itself. We are all on deck again, where I am writing this letter with Jack's fountain pen. I am beginning to feel ravenously hungry, so, perhaps, after all, there is something to be said in favor of sea-sickness; sweet is pleasure after pain.

Alice and Jack did not miss a meal during the storm, though both agreed that they felt a little uneasy. Alice told me that it was necessary to place brass guards on the dining-room table to keep the dishes from being thrown off.

I am disappointed because we have not seen any whales or icebergs. There have been a number of porpoises in sight, but one can see them at Rockaway.

I gave Jack a surprise to-day. A meeting was held in the dining-room to take some action relative to the making up of a purse to be given to the wife of the poor sailor who died and was buried at sea.

Several gentlemen spoke in favor of it and

urged all to give to so worthy an object. The chairman then said he would like to hear from some one of the ladies on the subject. I rose at the invitation and gave my views in the matter, saying that I thought it was a worthy act of charity, and no doubt every one could give something, etc. If I may be permitted to say so, it is no trouble for me to speak in public. The practice I have had as Grand Regent of a Court of the "Daughters of Isabella" has fitted me to say a few words extemporaneously on any subject that happens to be on the tapis. While I was speaking, I chanced to catch sight of Jack's face and saw that it was very pale. He explained to me afterwards that my rising to speak surprised him, and then he got into a "blue funk," as he described it, lest I would fail. He has referred several times to-day to his surprise at my facility in public speaking. I assured him that all women could talk, but that some get more of a chance to practice the gift than others.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

Yesterday, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we sighted land. At first three rocks became visible, which are known as the "Cow, Bull and Calf," and afterwards the Kerry coast came into view, and we got our first glimpse of the "Emerald Isle." We could see the farmers at work in the fields, and a little later we watched the "lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea." The steamer deposited us and our trunks on board a tender about nine o'clock in a driving rain storm. Queenstown, as you are aware, has a beautiful harbor. Notwithstanding the rain, it was really a fine sight as we sailed along. The town is situated on a cliff, and, when the houses are lighted up at night, presents quite a fairy scene.

Queenstown is famous for one thing especially, that is, from its port, for the last sixty years, more than half the population of Ireland has sailed away to other lands. As a little book I have in my possession tells me, it has witnessed the tears of Ireland, of the lonely, aged parents parting from their children, of friend clasping

the hand of friend for the last time, of brothers and sisters parting from brothers and sisters, and all from the land that an Irishman loves as he loves his own life. It has been called truly the torn artery from which the country's best blood drains away year after year.

After quite a long sail, we arrived at the custom-house, where we remained until daylight. If there is anything slower than the custom-house in Queenstown I have yet to meet it. Perhaps visitors to the United States feel the same way about ours. It didn't take them long to examine the trunks, once they got them, but it took all night to get the trunks off the tender. It was daybreak when we sauntered out into the streets of the city, and it was still raining. Another steamer had arrived a few hours before ours, and so the few small hotels were crowded. We managed to get breakfast, and then concluded to take the first train to Cork.

The principal thing of interest in Queenstown is the Cathedral of St. Colman. Of course, it was not open so early in the morning, so we did not get a view of its interior. The situation is fine, and it dominates the town.

Queenstown itself was formerly called the "Cove of Cork," but when Queen Victoria visited it in 1849, it received its present name.

Charles Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," was buried at Queenstown.

I was sorry that we could not linger longer here, but, as we had been up all night, it was necessary to find lodgings. Mr. Lawlor was informed that the first train for Cork would leave at seven o'clock. A little later he heard that there was a train at six. He then went to the railroad man who had informed him that the first train was at seven, and asked him if it were true that there was a six o'clock train. "There is," the railroad official admitted, "but that isn't a scheduled train. It's an extra one." If he had only said that the first train was at seven, but that one went before it at six, it would have been more illuminating.

The pleasantest way to go from Queenstown to Cork is by jaunting-car, but if you are up all night and drenched with rain, the best way is by fast train. As soon as we arrived in Cork we found accommodations at the Imperial Hotel and went to bed. After a few hours' rest, we felt recuperated and were ready for sight-seeing.

I must begin by informing you that Cork, the capital of the South of Ireland, is situated on the River Lee. It has a population of about seventy thousand inhabitants. If you are lucky as you enter the city, you may hear the peal of

musical chimes from a church tower in Shandon Square. They have been made famous all over the world by Father Prout's celebrated lines, beginning:

"With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells."

I think I could recite the entire poem for you, as I learned it once in an elocution class, but, if you are so inclined, you can get a copy of Father Prout's poems, and, pausing here, read the rest of the verses. Supposing you have done so, I will now resume.

Cork contains the graves of Father Prout and Gerald Griffin of the Christian Brothers, novelist and poet, who, perhaps, is best known as the author of the "Colleen Bawn." This town, too, I must mention, is the birthplace of Father Mathew, the temperance advocate.

When we sauntered out of our hotel, we caught sight of a double-decked trolley car, and climbing to its top seated ourselves comfortably for a view of the city. Patrick Street, through which the car passed, is a wide and a busy thoroughfare.

On our ride we passed what is called the Statues of the Martyrs. There was a young Englishman on the trolley car, and he said to Mr. Lawlor as he pointed out the statues, "This is certainly a great town! Those three figures over there were erected in honor of three Irishmen who murdered some Englishmen. They like us English so much in this city, that if an Irishman should kill one of us a statue would be erected to him."

I am so glad we became acquainted with Mrs. Lawlor and her son. It would not have been pleasant travelling alone.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

After lunch to-day, which was rather expensive for the little that we ate, we boarded a jaunting-car and set out for the far-famed Blarney Castle.

The jaunting-car is a fine vehicle for bowling over the roads. I enjoyed my first ride very much. You have to have your wits about you and hold on, for, if the car strikes a rut in the road, you may be tossed off. While riding on a jaunting-car, you can see only one half of the country, as your back is turned to the other half, unless you face forward. Is that an Irish bull?

In some parts of Ireland it is compulsory, I believe, for the owner of a car to have his name legibly printed on the tailboard. There is a story told that an inspector accosted the driver of a car whose name had been rubbed off, and shouted to him, "Your name is obliterated!" "No, sir," answered the driver, "it is O'Brien."

The jarvey that drove us was a fine fellow with lots of talk. He pointed out everything on the way, and had his own comments to make

BLARNEY CASTLE

on them all. During the entire ride to Blarney Castle and back, the rain came pitter patter down, but it was a pleasant rain, not very heavy and rather warm. You really wouldn't mind it. We had umbrellas with us, but we did not consider it necessary to raise them.

The country we passed through was quite charming. After a drive of about five miles, we reached Blarney Castle, a beautiful and still a strong-looking ruin. The massive Donjon Tower was built by Cormack McCarthy in the fifteenth century, and contains the famous Blarney Stone, of which Father Prout has written:

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses,
To grow eloquent."

All you have to do is to kiss this stone and you will be endowed with the sweet, persuasive eloquence that is said to be so perceptible in the language of the Cork people, and which is usually termed "blarney."

The tower is one hundred and twenty feet high, and, as it is necessary for two persons to assist the one who wishes to kiss the stone, the task is not a very easy one. Jack accomplished

the feat with the help of two gentlemen who were viewing the tower.

Blarney Lake, a pretty sheet of water, is about one mile from the castle. There is an odd story connected with it. It is said that the Earl of Clancarty, who forfeited the property at the revolution, sunk all his family plate in a certain part of this lake. The place of the sunken treasure is a family secret which will not be revealed until a McCarthy is made Lord of Blarney.

The kissing of the Blarney Stone in olden times was somewhat more difficult than at present, and there was always the danger of an accident. Jack, on the way home, was talking about this possibility to the jarvey, and he told us the following story:

A young lad started to rob a bird's nest which was in a bridge overhanging a river. He asked his brother, who was half-witted, to hold him while he reached down to rob the nest. While the half-witted lad was holding on to his brother's legs a bright thought struck him. "Wait a minute," cried he, "while I spit on my hands, so I can get a better hold." Of course while he was spitting on his hands his brother fell into the river.

In recent years there has been only one ac-

cident at Blarney Castle. A man in kissing the stone slipped from his friend's hands, and fell to the earth below. Luckily, before he reached the ground, he struck a tree and thus escaped with a broken shoulder. Since that time the newer way of lying down and kissing the stone has been adopted.

After visiting the castle and taking a walk around the grounds, we started home. On the way we passed an asylum for the insane. "Wait until I tell you a joke about that place," said the driver. "A man was fishing in a little brook running near the asylum, when one of the inmates climbed up the wall and seeing the man fishing cried out to him, 'How long have you been sitting there?' 'Four hours,' the man answered. 'Did you catch any fish?' 'Not a one,' replied the fisherman. 'Well,' cried the lunatic, 'you had better come inside.' " It seems to me that I heard that joke before. However, it was very apropos.

Along the road we saw many fine, healthy children, who ran after us, shouting, "Throw a penny, sir!"

We had a look in at "Paddy's Market" when we got back to Cork. Every thing imaginable seemed to be on sale, from pig's feet to old bedsteads. It would run a close second to

the Yiddish market under the Williamsburg Bridge in my own town.

After dinner we strolled around Cork. The boys wear caps and many of the girls wear bonnets. There is more sameness in their head-gear than you would see in an American town.

We bought our tickets for the trip to Glengariff and the Lakes of Killarney, where we go to-morrow.

GLENGARIFF.

There are several ways of reaching Glengariff from Cork. Jack found that out when he bought the tickets. We chose the way by rail through Bandon to Bantry, and then by tally-ho to Glengariff. We had lunch at the station in Bantry.

The town is a rather ancient looking one. It was a "market day," and the streets were filled with people. The women in this part of the country wear long heavy black cloaks with black hoods attached to them. This is their "best dress," and on a "market day," even if the sun were splitting the heavens, they would not go without these cloaks.

A tally-ho was awaiting us in front of the hotel, which was situated on the principal street. We got on board and our journey took us around Bantry Bay on a road where the mountains and sea meet. The Gulf Stream has a great effect upon the climate of this Southern Irish coast, imparting an almost tropical mildness to the salt sea air. Even in the winter time the days are soft and balmy, and many people who are ill come for a rest to Glengariff.

From Bantry the road runs about twenty-one miles around the bay, affording successive beautiful prospects. About five o'clock in the afternoon our coach drew up in front of Roche's Hotel at Glengariff. Shortly after we arrived another coaching party came from Macroom, so the hotel was quite crowded. Before dinner we took a stroll down to the town, and on our way passed through the domain of the Earl of Bantry.

Travelling in Ireland is fine. I don't know anything that I enjoy more than bowling over these Irish roads in a tally-ho. You feel a little tired, perhaps, at the end of the journey, but the smell of the salt air is invigorating.

Jack bought some souvenirs from a young Irish lad in front of the hotel, harps and dudeens cut out of bog wood. The lad gave us a very graphic description of how difficult it was to cut the bog wood out of a bog. You would imagine from his description that it was like going down a shaft into a mine, whereas, I believe the bog is not cut any deeper than ten feet. "Oh!" he said, with pathos in his voice, "a man must go down and down and down at the risk of his life to cut the bog wood, out of which this little pipe is made." Of course, Jack couldn't resist such eloquence.

We lounged around the hotel this evening, as this was about all one could do, and moreover, we have a long journey before us to-morrow. Quite a number of French people visit here both summer and winter. I forgot to mention that when we went in for dinner the musicians played American airs, and "Dixie," as usual, got a great deal of applause from the diners. All the waiters in the dining-room are Germans. What do you know about that? They speak English perfectly. I did not try them on Irish, so I do not know if they are versed in the Gaelic.

I feel a little fatigued this evening, so I think I will bring this letter to an end. As one of the waiters might say, *auf Wiedersehen.*

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

We left Glengariff this morning, Sunday, at nine o'clock. Mass was celebrated in the hotel at seven, after which I sauntered out on the porch and beheld a most charming view. I am quite sure that the Lakes of Killarney will not present a finer prospect than Glengariff. The peaceful bay stretched away for miles and little boats and yachts rode at anchor on the quiet water. The rays of the sun fell down upon the sea as softly as a benediction. It was a beautiful sight! A painted ship on a painted ocean effect.

I wish you could have been with us on the ride over the mountains from Glengariff to Killarney. Ireland is a grand country! I did not think it was so charming.

A woman asked the driver of the tally-ho where were the little people and the fairies. She said she expected to see some of them when she came to Ireland, and she was very much disappointed. For an answer, he smiled. "I suppose there are not any left now?" she further queried. "Oh, yes, there are, ma'am." "Where

are they, then?" she asked. "Oh, they are around," he assured her, "but everybody cannot see them." From my own experience, I can attest that I have seen many "little people" along the Irish roads, the liveliest and healthiest little babies I have ever seen in my life.

On our way over the mountains we stopped at a tiny Irish cabin, newly whitewashed, where they had some soft drinks for sale. By noon we had arrived at Kenmare, where we lunched. The Convent of the Poor Clares, famous for making real Irish lace, is situated here. There was a *Feis* going on in the town, the object of which was to revive interest in Gaelic affairs, so you can imagine that Kenmare presented a lively appearance.

While we were at lunch, the horses were taken from the stage coach and new ones harnessed in their place. During the meal a boy with some sort of a leaf between his fingers furnished music for us by playing on it. He performed so well that we were all certain that he must have had some musical instrument concealed in his hands.

After lunch we started again on our journey, and in the late afternoon, as we came down the mountains, we got our first glimpse of MacGillicuddy's Reeks, and a little later we reached the

far-famed "Killarney Lakes and Fells." It was nearly seven o'clock when we arrived at the hotel, after coming forty miles over the mountains. We were tired but happy, a rather pleasant combination. After washing up we proceeded immediately to the dining-room where we partook of an excellent dinner, with some more German waiters on the side for a change. During the dinner the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

After dinner we took a walk around the hotel grounds, and lo and behold, we came across the ruins of McCarthy Mor's Castle. It was a peaceful summer evening along the shore of the lake. The moon shone down and threw its silver light on the "Emerald isles and winding bays." We sat on the shore and drank in the beauty of the scene. Every little while I had to pinch myself to see if I were surely awake. I have often dreamed of travelling through Ireland, and of being in London, Paris, and Rome, and then I have awakened bitterly disappointed. I am sometimes afraid now that it is only a dream. Shakespeare says:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

I think it is about time for the "round-up."

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

We have had several fine days in the open. After breakfasting we started out to see the lakes. A carriage was provided for us, and our first stop was at the ruins of Ross Castle, situated, I believe, on Lord Kenmare's estate.

After visiting the ruins of the castle we went down to the lake and stepped into a rowboat. A young Irish lad was in command, and when we were seated in the boat, he called out to the rowers, "Now, all together, one after another."

The Lakes of Killarney are, we found out, teeming with legends. On one little island called Mouse Island, our guide told us that every Sunday afternoon, at vesper time, seven little white mice come out and sing Irish songs and dance Irish jigs. Jack asked the guide, "Are we supposed to believe all these things?" "Well, sir," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, "it is my business to tell you everything I know and some things I don't know."

Here also on these lakes can be seen, so tradition saith, every seven years on a bright May morning the vision of O'Donoghue, the Lord

of the Glens, riding across the lakes on a beautiful white horse. So many things seem to happen here on a bright May morning!

The Lakes of Killarney are studded with tiny islands, and "girt round with rugged mountains." There are four islands in the middle lake, thirty in the lower, and six in the upper, which, though the smallest, is the most beautiful. The Colleen Bawn Caves are in the neighborhood of the middle lake. There is one remarkable fact about the Lakes of Killarney: it never rains there. No matter how hard it is pouring, the guides will tell you that it is only "a little perspiration from the hills."

It is strange how rough these small inland lakes can become. A few summers ago a party of seven people was drowned here. We rode across the lake to Dinish Island, where we partook of an excellent lunch that had been sent along with us in baskets from the hotel. The hotels at Killarney, by the way, are all right.

In the afternoon we did the Gap of Dunloe. You enter from one side of the gap and go through on ponies. In the meantime the crowd goes through you. The gap is a ravine between the mountains, and looks as if the mountains were cleft in twain by a mighty sword. It is a narrow defile four miles long between MacGil-

licuddy's Reeks and Purple Mountain. The gap is made interesting by the number of people who are looking for a little money.

First we met an old woman who had winter socks for sale. After her we came across a man with a cannon, who shoots it off in order to bring back an echo from the surrounding mountains.

"Do you want to hear an echo?" he shouted, as we were passing. "Let it go," Jack called back. At the sound of the noise our ponies took fright and started down the hill. We waved an adieu to the old man, Jack at the same time trying to explain that we were not escaping in order to avoid giving him a tip. When we reached the bottom of the hill, I suddenly heard a voice exclaim, "Well, sir, how did you like the echo?" I turned round, and to my great surprise, I found the owner of the cannon. As soon as he had shot it off he started helter skelter down the hill, and by the time we had reined in our fiery chargers he was at our side. Jack gave him a little tip and then he started up the road again to cause more echoes for the delight of those who followed us.

After that came the man with the cornet. He played by main strength, and I must confess that he was a very bad performer.

When we had finished our trip through the

gap, the carriage brought us over nine miles of good Irish roads and through a lovely country back to the hotel.

The next day we visited Muckross Abbey, which is a most beautiful ruin. It was founded in 1340, and is still in decent preservation. Within the abbey is a graveyard containing the tombs of once powerful Irish families. The view from the east window is considered very beautiful. There is an ivy without a root still growing up the side of the abbey. The tomb of the O'Donoghue of the Glens, the old-time chieftain of the lakes, was pointed out to us. In the same vault lie the ashes of the chiefs of the great MacCarthy Mor family. From this family came the Princes of Desmond, who were kings of Munster before the era of St. Patrick. They were also the founders of the abbey and of Blarney Castle in Cork. The O'Donoghues and MacCarthy Mors intermarried.

There is a peculiar window in this old abbey called a squint window, situated in the infirmary. The reason for the existence of this window was to give the monks who were ill a chance to see and hear the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass without leaving the room. No doubt, there are many in our time living near

churches who would like to have a squint window in their houses so that they could hear Mass on a Sunday morning without leaving their homes.

In the centre of the abbey is a yew tree, said to be the largest in the world. It is probably as old as the abbey itself, as it was the custom of the Franciscan monks to plant a yew tree at the foundation of an abbey. Muckross Abbey and a great part of Killarney are owned by Lord Ardilaun, who is one of the Guinnesses, famous all over the world as the makers of Dublin porter. Lord Ardilaun seems to be the owner of nearly everything around here.

DUBLIN.

As you see from the address of the note paper, we are stopping at the Shelbourne Hotel. We came up here from Killarney on the afternoon train which was uncomfortably crowded. I bought some apples from a boy at one of the stations at which we stopped. I reached him a sixpence for them, which would be ample payment in our country. "It's a bob, ma'am," he replied, as the train was moving out. I shouted back, "What's a bob?" But before I could catch his explanation that a bob was a shilling, the train was under way, and I had the apples.

On the journey we had an old lady in the same compartment with us. She was very chatty and interesting. She said that when girls left Ireland for America, they were strong and healthy, but after they were some years away and returned to Ireland, they looked worn and pale. "I guess the Yankees make them work too hard!" she added. Still she said that it would be a good thing if every village in Ireland had one or two women who had been to the States and returned to pass the rest of their

days. The reason she gave was that they were good housekeepers and would be an excellent example to the others. They would give those who had never been abroad a better idea of the necessity of careful housekeeping. I imagine the old lady's notion is a good one. Some of the women here seem to have so much idle time. Probably their ambition has been killed off. It seems that in the past when they improved their homes and looked a little prosperous the landlord or his agent would come along and raise the rent. It is like the case of the man whose wife was ill in the hospital. Each time he called to ask how she was, he was told that she was improving. Then one day she died. A friend meeting him inquired how his wife was, and he answered that she was dead. "What did she die of?" the friend asked. "She died of improvements," the man replied. So improvements on their little farms and homes in this country caused the rents to be raised and destroyed finally all ambition.

We arrived in Dublin about seven o'clock in the evening. The hotel is pleasantly situated opposite St. Stephen's Green. This town is quite modern and has trolley cars running in every direction. Its principal thoroughfare is O'Connell Street, formerly called Sackville

Street. It has been re-named in honor of Ireland's great orator, Daniel O'Connell, and is one of the finest streets in all Europe. The River Liffey runs through the city. Its waters are not very limpid. Some one said of the River Mersey in England, "The quality of Mersey is not strained." The same may be said of the Liffey.

At one end of a bridge which crosses the river is the colossal statue of Daniel O'Connell, and there is also a tall pillar erected in memory of Nelson's victories. You can ascend to the statue on top of this monument for the small sum of threepence.

The Bank of Ireland is architecturally quite beautiful. It has an interesting history because it was formerly the old Parliament House. Here the Irish Parliament met, and Grattan, Flood, Curran and other famous orators delivered their philippics against English oppression.

From this spot we got a view of Trinity College. This institution was originally founded by the Catholic Church, but was closed during the reign of Henry VIII, and afterwards in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was opened under Protestant influence.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, also founded by Catholics, passed out of their hands at the time

of the Reformation. It is built on the site of a well, where St. Patrick baptized his converts.

The Cathedral of Christ Church, formerly Catholic, is also now Protestant. It contains the tombs of Dean Swift and the famous Stella.

We took a drive through Glasnevin Cemetery. Daniel O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell are buried there. A tall column marks the last resting-place of the great Irish liberator, but as yet, there is no monument over the grave of Parnell. We continued on our drive through Phœnix Park, and saw the spot on which Lord Cavendish and Burke, his secretary, were killed.

Dublin Castle, which we visited on one of Cook's tours, is a very notable place, and is the official residence of the Viceroy of Ireland. It has played a great part in the oppression of Ireland by England, and I believe every Irishman cordially hates it. There was an old Irishman with us in company of several American friends who came to visit the castle. The old man positively refused to enter it, and gave as a reason that too many good Irishmen had been unjustly dealt with within its walls.

We saw a cricket game on the green at Trinity College. The gentlemen of Ireland were playing a team from South Africa. Jack says "Cricket is a fine game, but, oh, you baseball!"

The accent of the Dublin people is charming. Young women act as clerks in the hotels, and they are more obliging and much less pompous than the clerks in our own hotels at home. You have to pay strict attention here when people are talking, as the difference in their accent makes it a little harder for one to understand. They naturally experience the same difficulty with us. When I was handed my bill by the book-keeper of the hotel, I was quite staggered. It was made up in shillings, and for the moment I thought they represented dollars.

There are signs in the lobby of the Shelbourne informing travellers that the horse show will soon open in Dublin, and that during it the entire hotel will be reserved. Only the wealthy English who come over for this event will be able to find accommodations here.

GLENDALOUGH.

Jack engaged an automobile for the journey to Glendalough. After leaving the hotel and getting out into the country, the first thing we did was to run over a hen. A little colleen rushed out from a cottage crying, "Oh, mother, they killed our little white hen!" I called the chauffeur's attention to what had happened, but he dismissed the subject by saying, "We always expect to kill a couple of dogs or chickens when we go out." What cold-blooded executioners these chauffeurs are!

When we arrived at Powerscourt, where there is a pretty waterfall, we were informed that the hunters were riding around the vicinity on a fox hunt. We would have liked to have remained a while and taken the chance of seeing them, but, as our time was limited, we had to push ahead.

It began to rain after we left Powerscourt, and, as the automobile was open on the sides, we were not very well protected. When we arrived at Glendalough, the guide Jack hired made little of the rain, saying that it was a fine day,

the finest one they had had in three months. By the time we came to the lake, across which it was necessary to row to reach St. Kevin's bed, the rain was coming down in torrents. "Is this the finest day you have had here in three months?" Jack inquired. The guide smiled and admitted that it was not. Mrs. Lawlor remained in the auto, but we accompanied Jack. It poured while we were on the little lake, and I was surprised at the angry look of this small inland sheet of water. It is quite an undertaking to climb up the rocks to St. Kevin's bed, especially on a rainy day, but Jack with several other men performed the feat. The guides make a little unnecessary fuss in the ascent, but they get in their fine work when helping one down the rocks. St. Kevin's bed is a small cave about the length of a man's body. If you should slip from the rocks, of course you would tumble into the lake. On leaving the bed, the guide insisted that Jack and the others lie on the broad of their backs. He then slid them down the rocks to another guide standing below. You can imagine the state of their clothing after thus lying down on the sodden earth and wet rocks. "Suppose the man below should slip?" Jack asked. "That man could never slip," the guide responded, "he is made of bog-oak." Very much

covered with mud and thoroughly drenched, Jack finally got back to Mother Earth again.

Sir Walter Scott once visited St. Kevin's bed. After he had come down and gone away, so the story says, some one told the woman who had guided Sir Walter to the place, that he was a poet. "Poet," said she, "not a bit of him, but an honorable gentleman—he gave me half a crown."

After Jack had descended from St. Kevin's bed, we wandered around among the ruins. The rain kept pouring down, but we could not possibly get any wetter. There are several curiosities among the ruins. One is a wishing chair, and whoever sits in it and makes a wish will surely have it granted. I sat in the chair and wished it would stop raining, but it didn't.

Then there is a pillar of stone. "Now try to span that stone," said one of the guides. Immediately I stepped forward to span the stone. I worked very hard, and it looked for a while as if I would not succeed, but finally, after great straining, my finger tips touched. "What do I get for that?" I asked. "Well," the guide responded, "anyone that spans that stone will never grow stout." "What!" I exclaimed in horror. "That's a fact," answered the guide reassuringly. "Now, see here, Mr. Physician,"

I protested, "if you have any more prescriptions like that, you can keep them to yourself. I am anxious to gain a little in weight." "I am sorry," he apologized, "that I didn't explain it to you more fully. But, do you know, this is a very popular stone with the ladies. We have ladies coming here who almost break their arms trying to span it." A great cure, isn't it, for that dreaded thing called *embonpoint?*

The Round Tower, one hundred and ten feet high, is one of the most interesting sights among the ruins. So also is St. Kevin's kitchen.

After we had completed our visit to the old shrine, we were glad to get back to the little hotel, where a hot dinner was awaiting us, and which, I can assure you, we thoroughly enjoyed. Resting for a while, we started for the Vale of Avoca, and the Meeting of the Waters. The Vale of Avoca and the Meeting of the Waters are the only things in Ireland in which I have been disappointed. In the exquisitely beautiful language of our own country, these places are a frost. Two streams, the Avonbeg and Avonmore, meet here and flow through the valley of Avoca.

Tom Moore, when he wrote his well-known poem, was thinking more of the charm of

friendship than he was of the beauty of the natural scenery of the place. You may remember the lines:

"Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I loved best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

After visiting the Meeting of the Waters, we started back to Dublin. We were very wet and tired when we arrived at the hotel and glad to get into dry clothes.

We had another pleasant little trip to Bray, one of the watering-places for Dublin people. On the road, we came upon the estate of Mr. Richard Croker, who is well known to New Yorkers. It seems a rather lonesome place to live in for a man who had led such a busy and energetic life in our big city.

We made this trip by jaunting-car, and on the way we were passed by a tally-ho and the huntsman's horn broke the silence of the country side. This tally-ho leaves one of the Dublin hotels for Bray every day.

I have found out a few more things about the jaunting-car. When a lady and gentleman are sitting on the same side of a car, the gentleman

should sit in front, as the rear seat is the more protected and comfortable. Another thing to be avoided is holding on. One who sits properly on a car will not fall off. It might be safer though for one who is just learning to ride on an outside car to hold on a little, especially when going around a corner. They distinguish here between an inside car and an outside car by telling you that an inside car has the wheels outside, and an outside car has the wheels inside. Jack discovered in a guide-book that in an inside car there is great danger to the traveller's legs in case of a side collision. He says he is going to follow the advice of the guide-book, which says that travellers should practice raising their legs to the back of the driver's seat, so as to be able to perform this operation in case of a collision. After all there is not so much danger on an inside car as there is in a railroad train. As some one has said, "If you are thrown from a car, why, there you are, but if you are pitched from a train where are you?"

Bray is quite a fine place. There is an esplanade along the sea for about a mile. It was a gala day when we arrived. There were some rowing races between the crews of different vessels, and a number of amusements for young people such as one sees at Coney Island. Don't

imagine from this description that Bray is like Coney Island. It is quite a small affair and is rather a cottage colony.

We expect to leave Dublin to-morrow for the North. I will write you again at the first opportunity.

THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

On our way to the north of Ireland we passed by the little town of Maynooth, where there is a celebrated college. We travelled many miles through the bog of Allen, and the prospect was rather dreary. When we arrived at Cavan, where we were to rest for the night, we had our own troubles, as we discovered that our trunks had gone astray. Let me impress upon you this one thing, never lose sight of your trunks if you come here. Don't do as we did. We labelled our trunks to Cavan, but we got off at another station to make a side trip to Granard, a town in Longford, where my grandmother was born. We caught the next train to Cavan, but, when we arrived there, we discovered the trunks were not at the station. No one had any positive information about them. They knew that some trunks had been taken from the train, but all of them were despatched to other stations, some being sent as far as Londonderry, or Derry, as it is commonly called. The station agent telegraphed to Derry, and word came back that the trunks that arrived there were

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

claimed by people who got off the train. Nothing further could be done that evening, and as the next day was Sunday, we rested. The following day was a bank holiday, and in Ireland, on a bank holiday, all business is entirely suspended. In the baggage room of the station at Cavan, there was a trunk that had been lying there for six weeks, so the station master informed me. The owner of that trunk had my sympathy.

On Tuesday morning, tired of waiting, and unable to get any definite information, Jack started back to Dublin on the six o'clock train. He told us his experiences when he returned. He jumped off the train at every station and inquired for the trunks. He got considerable advice and information, but did not get the baggage, or luggage, as they call it here. One station agent assured him that most trunks that went astray after travelling over the greater part of Ireland generallly got back to Queenstown. How about that for Job's comforter?

When he reached Dublin he inquired at the Shelbourne Hotel to see if any notice of the trunks had arrived there, but, of course, they knew nothing about them. Then he went to the office of the railroad. They had no information to give him there, but sent him over to the rail-

road office for the Derry trains. At this office they promised to telegraph to Derry. He then went back to the hotel to await developments. When he arrived there, a telegram was waiting for him to say that the station agent at Cavan had received word from Derry locating the trunks. They reached Cavan that afternoon. Jack says he was assured on all sides that he would certainly get his trunks. Sometimes trunks go astray in Ireland, but they are never lost.

Cavan is a small country town with one busy street. Jack got shaved while there, and he says the barber swung the razor around like a tomahawk. He shaved him in about four minutes and charged twopence. Jack says it was the quickest and cheapest shave he ever got, but not the pleasantest.

On Sunday in Cavan, there was a great parade in honor of a hero named Miles the Slasher, who held the bridge at Fernay until he was killed. A band that was out for the ceremonies at the bridge of Fernay returned in the evening and marched down the main street of Cavan. It played pretty well for a village band, but I don't think it got in all the notes.

There is a fine-looking young man attached to the hotel whom I had first taken for the pro-

prietor. I was much surprised on hearing him called "Boots." That is the name applied to the one who attends to the stage and works around the hotel. I am sure he would never stand for such an appellation in our country.

The weather while we were in Cavan was pleasant but rather cool. I wore a light jacket while out driving. The people, however, thought the weather was hot. One man who was pitching hay rested for a moment, and mopping his brow, exclaimed, "No man should have to work on a day as hot as this."

From Cavan we went to Belfast and found the journey a pleasant one. We passed through Armagh, where, as you know, the only cardinal in Ireland resides. When we came near Belfast, I noticed written on a fence the words, "No Popery allowed here." This phrase recalled to my mind that we were entering the city of the Orangemen. As you come into Belfast, the fields are covered with linen which has been newly turned out from the mills to bleach.

Belfast is quite a busy town. In many ways it resembles an American city. They have a City Hall here, the staircase of which is the finest I have ever seen, with the exception of the one in the Congressional Library at Washington.

It has beeen raining a great deal since we arrived. It rains more in the north of Ireland than it does in the interior.

Jack went out to witness a cricket match, and he gave us an interesting account of it. The cricketers go to their club-house and don their suits and then it starts to rain. They loll about for ten or fifteen minutes and the rain lets up a little. Then they begin to play. A little later the rain comes down in torrents and everybody runs back to the club-house. After a while the rain ceases and then all come out and the game is resumed. Then it begins to rain again and keeps on raining, so the cricketers finally give up in disgust and return home.

Mrs. Lawlor, Alice, and I visited the stores, which are quite up to date. We purchased some fine linen handkerchiefs.

From Belfast we took a trip to the Giant's Causeway, the great attraction in the north of Ireland. The guide-books describe it as a wonderful geological formation of forty thousand columns. After leaving Belfast you pass Queen's Island where there is a ship-building yard at which the White Star steamships are built.

The train lands you at a small resort called Portrush. It was quite cool while we were

there, yet a number of people were in bathing. At Portrush we took a tram-car to the Causeway. On the way we passed Dunluce Castle, a most picturesque ruin. Further on we came to Bushmills, where the Bushmills whisky is made. About two miles from Bushmills is the celebrated "geological formation."

Perhaps you have never heard the story of the Causeway. It seems that a giant, Fin McCool, was the champion of Ireland, and he had heard of the boasting of a Scotch giant that he could beat any man, and if it wasn't that he did not want to get his feet wet, he would come over to Ireland and give Fin a severe castigation. Fin, of course, was incensed when he heard these remarks, and he applied to the king, who gave him leave to erect a causeway to Scotland on which the Scotchman could walk over and have the fight. Fin won the battle, and out of the generosity of his heart kindly allowed his former rival to marry and settle in Ireland, which the Scotchman was not sorry to do, as living at that time in Scotland was none of the best, while, as everybody knows, Ireland was the richest country in the world. When the giants died, the Causeway, being no longer necessary, disappeared under the sea, leaving only a portion of it visible here, a little at the Island

of Rathlin, and the portals of the grand gate at Staffa.

There is another story that I have heard which does not explain the Causeway, but it is a good one for all that. It seems that a Scotch giant was boasting about what he would do to Fin McCool if he ever came over to Ireland. Fin dared him to come, and when he arrived on the Irish coast and Fin got a look at him, he was terribly frightened at the enormous size of the Scotch giant. For a moment he did not know what to do, but his wife solved the difficulty. She put him to bed. A little later, the Scotch giant appeared at the door, and being invited in, he asked where Fin was. Fin's wife said he had gone out to the woods. The Scotch giant looked into the bedroom where Fin was reposing, and seeing the large figure covered up under the clothes, he asked "Who's that?" "Oh! that is our little baby," exclaimed Mrs. Fin McCool. "The baby!" cried the Scotch giant in dismay, "well, I think I will go out for a walk and come back later." "Suit yourself," said the woman, and the Scotch giant disappeared never to return.

When we arrived at the Causeway, we found a hale and hearty old man who offered himself as a guide. Jack engaged him, and he con-

ducted us on a good two hours' walk over the basaltic formations, through the little, middle, and grand causeways. The "Giant's Organ," the "Chimney-tops," the "Priest and his Flock," and the "Hen and Chickens," are to be noted in the rocky formations. Every little while our guide would stop and say, "Now I want you to notice this wonderful geological formation. Now that stone," pointing to one, "is a heptagon and this one is an octagon." A little farther on he told us to take three sips out of a well and make three wishes, which we accordingly did. This, he explained, is called the "Wishing Well." We resumed our journey and then he stopped us again, and, as if he was imparting a piece of new information, said, "Now this is a wonderful geological formation. That stone is a heptagon and this one is an octagon." I wondered how many times in his life he had used those words. We wandered on a little further over the rocks when the old man stopped us again, and began "Now this is a wonderful geological formation." He didn't get any further because Jack broke in on him, saying, "Here, old man, cut out those heptagons and octagons and show us a parallelopipedon." Jack's remark set us laughing, and the old man eased up on his lessons in geology.

Another interesting excursion at the causeway is the boat ride to a large cave in the rocks. This little excursion can be taken only on days when the water is smooth.

We intend to cross the Irish Sea to England to-night, where we land at Hayshem. We have spent two pleasant weeks in the Emerald Isle. It has been a rainy season here, otherwise we would have had a still pleasanter time. I have enjoyed my visit very much, especially the scenery in the south of Ireland and the long drives over the mountain roads, so I can say with the poet:

"Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing loud with devotion,
Erin Mavourneen, Erin go bragh!"

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

LONDON.

We are in "London town." We had an uneventful trip across the Irish Sea, or, in other words, none of us was sea-sick.

When we arrived at the boat in the evening, after coming from the Giant's Causeway, we sat down to a substantial dinner which we all enjoyed. After that Jack and I walked the deck of the vessel for about an hour while Mrs. Lawlor and Alice chatted. The night was charming. This is generally, as you know, a very rough sea, but we did not find it so. The boat arrived at Hayshem the following morning about five o'clock.

As there were two trains for London, one at six and one at seven, we chose the latter. There was a dining-car attached and we had our breakfast on board. The country through which we passed was a pleasant one, but not particularly beautiful. There were no little low cabins along the route such as we saw in Ireland. We got into London about noontime. I like this old town. We have been on the go very much since

we arrived here. We are stopping at the Cecil, which is on the Strand.

I hardly know how to tell you all the things I have seen. My thoughts are actually jumbled. I try to remember everything, and, believe me, that is attempting the impossible.

One would have to know architecture quite thoroughly to appreciate properly all that one sees. My dear, before you come to Europe, study architecture. Do you know the difference between a Corinthian, Doric, and Ionic column? If not, don't go to bed the night you receive this until you do know.

Are you familiar with the Renaissance style, not in lace, but in architecture? Do you know the difference between Byzantine and Gothic? Did you ever hear tell of Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones or Pugin? A knowledge of these is necessary to gain a proper idea of the buildings we have visited.

The Cecil Hotel is situated on the Strand next to the Hotel Savoy. The rear of our hotel looks out on the Victoria Embankment, which runs along the Thames. There is an obelisk called "Cleopatra's Needle" hard by. No properly conducted modern city seems to be complete without an obelisk. Just beyond the Savoy is Somerset House, with a façade on the

Thames side seven hundred and eighty feet in length. It was formerly a palace, but is now used for public offices.

After gettting a view from the rear of the hotel, we came out on the Strand. It surely is a busy street. Charing Cross station attracted our attention. In front of it is a monument erected in memory of the fact that Queen Elenore's body rested there on its way to Westminster Abbey. Formerly the spot was marked by a cross. Dr. Johnson said of this part of London, "I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross." That remark was made before the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street was discovered.

We walked on as far as Trafalgar Square, a fine square, indeed, in the centre of which is a big granite column, one hundred and forty-five feet in height, in memory of Lord Nelson and of his death at the battle of Trafalgar. It is crowned with a statue of Nelson, and at the four corners of the pedestal there are immense lions, modelled by Sir Edwin Landseer.

From Trafalgar Square we made our way into Whitehall, that debouches, as a guide-book might say, from the square. Old Scotland Yard, the former home of the police of London, attracted Jack's attention, as Scotland Yard

detectives are famous all over the world. We stopped in front of the Horse Guards, which was used as a guard house when Whitehall, the palace of King Henry VIII, was in existence. We saw several of the soldiers acting as sentinels. They were fine-looking and dressed handsomely. While we were watching them, a small boy came along and winking at Jack, said, with a roguish smile, "Paper soldiers." That was rather a hard knock.

I was interested when I came to Downing Street, where the English Foreign Offices are situated. I met some English people once, and as they were in the employ of the Government, I heard a great deal about Downing Street.

We arrived, after a little walk, at the House of Parliament. It is said to be probably the largest Gothic building in the world, and it certainly is very imposing. It has a terrace nine hundred feet long fronting on the Thames, where the members and their friends take afternoon tea. It has a Royal tower and a clock tower which contains Big Ben, one of the largest bells ever cast. If there is a light in this tower at night, and the Union Jack flies from it by day, then the "House" is sitting.

The interior of the House of Parliament is

impressive. We visited the Royal Gallery, through which the king comes in solemn procession when he opens Parliament. It is not proper on such an occasion to look at the sovereign through a lorgnette. The House of Peers, a handsome room where the lords hold forth, contains the throne of the king.

In the House of Commons, the guide pointed out to Jack some of the seats occupied by the most distinguished members.

Westminster Hall, connected with the House of Parliament, is part of the old palace of Westminster and is famous because so many historical characters were condemned to death there. The trial of Warren Hastings, which lasted seven years, was held in this hall.

Just back of the House of Parliament is Westminster Abbey. You have read all about it in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." It is England's Walhalla, or if you will, its Appian Way. Nearly all the sovereigns of England from Edward the Confessor have been crowned in the Abbey, and many kings and queens lie interred within it.

Some of the remains of the original church built by St. Edward about 1065 are to be seen in its cloisters. Henry III entirely rebuilt the Abbey; and the Lady Chapel, or Chapel of

Henry VII, was erected later. This is a very beautiful chapel, built, my guide-book informs me, in the florid perpendicular style of architecture. The ceiling is finely carved and covered with delicate fret-work. The Abbey itself is an impressive Gothic church, the beauty and interest of which are increased by the tombs within it. Both Abbey and Chapel, I need not tell you, were built when Merrie England was Catholic.

As you pass along through aisles and chapels, you see the graves and monuments of those whom England delights to honor. Many names on the tombs are very familiar. I was most interested in the Poet's Corner, as it is called. There we beheld the graves of Chaucer, the father of English poetry, Edmund Spencer, the author of the Faerie Queen, Dryden, from whom Pope professed to have learned the art of poetry, and John Gay, the author of the Beggar's Opera. He wrote his own epitaph, called by the guide-books irreverent, which is inscribed on his tomb:

"Life is a jest; and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Jack says it sounds like the sentiment of one who was more sore than gay.

We saw the graves of the great Doctor Johnson and his friend, David Garrick, of Charles Dickens, Robert Browning and Lord Tennyson.

The chapel of Henry VII serves as a resting place for the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. Oliver Cromwell was buried here, but the verger who conducted us told us that his body had been taken out and thrown into a ditch, and he added that it was a good thing. I knew that Cromwell, who desecrated the churches and monasteries of Ireland, was not beloved in the Emerald Isle, but I was surprised to hear an Englishman talk so bitterly against the Protector. I looked the matter up afterwards and found out that the body of Cromwell was thrown into a pit at Tyburn, and his head was exposed on a pinnacle of Westminster Hall for about twenty-five years until a high wind blew it down. Didn't they do funny things in ye olden time?

Henry VII, after whom the chapel is named, Queen Elizabeth, and her sister, Queen Mary, are buried here. One monument in another chapel represents a skeleton in marble coming out of a tomb and launching a dart at a dying woman, whose husband tries to save her. Mrs. Lawlor was affected by this sight and hurried away from it. Nearby is a tablet commemorating Admiral Kempenfelt, who was drowned

with hundreds of sailors when the *Royal George* sank. When I was a little girl I came across a volume of Cowper's poems, in which I found the poem entitled "The Loss of the *Royal George.*"

> "His sword was in its sheath,
> His fingers held the pen,
> When Kempenfelt went down
> With twice four hundred men."

I liked the ring of the poetry, and Kempenfelt's memorial had a personal interest for me.

The tombs with the recumbent marble figures of kings and queens side by side are royal looking and impressive.

There is so much to be seen in the Abbey that one comes out of it with a confused mind, but still, notwithstanding this, you feel satisfied that you have seen so much that has an interest never to be forgotten. It is certainly a great privilege to stand by the graves of those whose poetry and whose writings have given so much pleasure and joy to the English speaking world.

THE TOWER.

We have been through the Tower of London. It is a most interesting old place. Long ago I read Harrison Ainsworth's novel, "The Tower of London," which gives a very graphic description of the Tower in the time of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. If you have never read it you should do so, and get acquainted with those three worthy gentlemen, Og, Gog, and Magog.

The Tower was built originally by William the Conqueror, so you see it is very ancient. The crown jewels were exposed to view while we were there, and thus we were fortunate to get a look at the diamonds and other precious stones worn by the kings and queens of England. A crown made for Queen Victoria has three thousand eight hundred and eighteen diamonds and three hundred pearls. The whole value of these jewels is said to be three million pounds.

There are numerous towers in the old palace, or prison, which is a better word for it. The White Tower is the oldest one, but the Beau-

champ is the most interesting. The walls of this tower are covered with inscriptions, made by prisoners, which are very pathetic. I read them with great interest.

In the Bloody Tower, as it is called, the two young princes, the sons of Edward IV, are said to have been murdered by the direction of King Richard III.

There is an entrance to the Tower of London from the Thames side of it, called the Traitor's Gate. State prisoners, many of them innocent, were formerly brought into it through this gate. We found the Tower very interesting, but somewhat gruesome. After I came out of the Beauchamp Tower I felt positively sad.

Over the fireplace in the Beauchamp Tower is an inscription signed "Arundel." This is the signature of Philip Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, whose father, grandfather and great grandfather were put to death, because they were faithful to the Catholic religion. Have you ever read Father Benson's book, "By What Authority?" It gives a vivid account of the time when Protestantism supplanted the old religion in England.

The number put to death in the Tower and on Tower Hill is very great. Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane

Grey and her husband, and Lord Dudley, are among the more familiar names. Sir Walter Raleigh was confined here by order of Queen Elizabeth. Do you remember the scene in "Kenilworth" where Sir Walter reads to Her Majesty the verse which one Will Shakespeare had just written about her containing the pretty line "In maiden meditation, fancy free"? He read so well that day that it was a pity the queen put him in prison; but she was ever a fickle, bad-tempered woman.

When I saw the names of so many famous in history who were put to death within these walls, I remarked loud enough to be heard by those standing about, that the English in those early days didn't seem to have been any better than anybody else. A woman who heard me, snapped back, "No, and they are not any better now."

Stationed around the grounds of the Tower are old soldiers who are called Beef-eaters. They looked well fed and are garbed in a most fantastic costume. Jack thought they were the most amusing sight about the place.

I expect to read Ainsworth's "Tower of London" again, as now the book will have a new interest for me.

From the Tower we drove to the British

Museum. Jack said that while no doubt it was a great institution, at the same time he thought he would "flag" it and go over to Bond Street and leave an order for some clothes. Mrs. Lawlor, Alice and myself devoted the rest of the forenoon to the Museum.

It is, I believe, the biggest thing of its kind in the world. We saw the famous Elgin marbles collected from the Parthenon in Athens, and brought here by Lord Elgin.

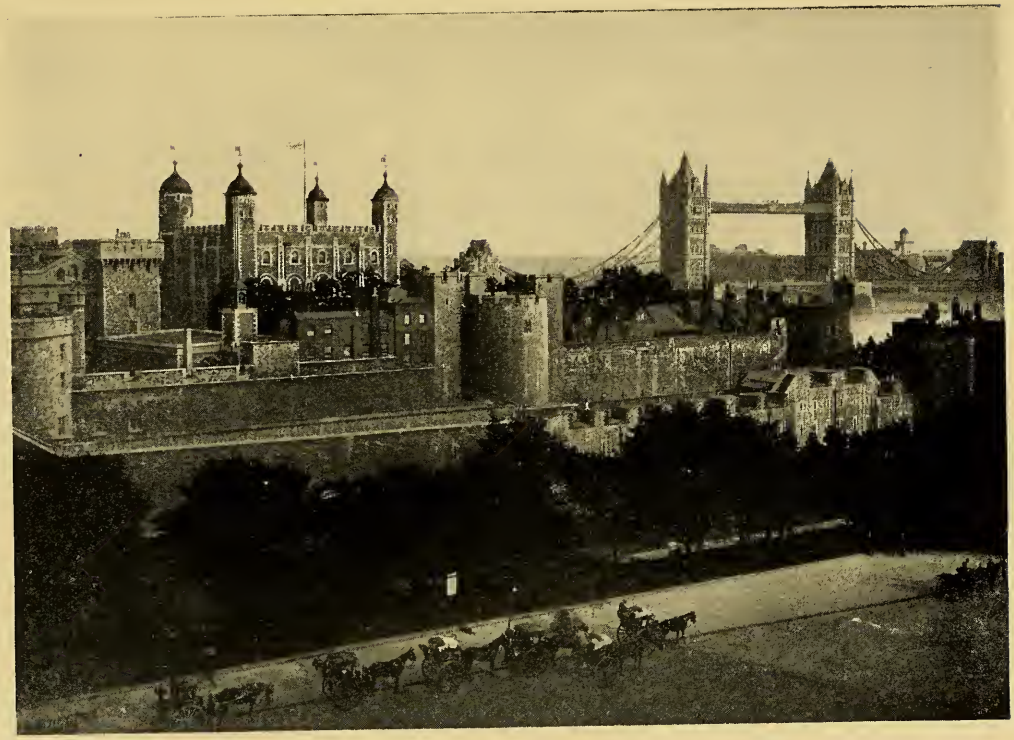
There is an immense library connected with the Museum. Apollo, Jupiter, Venus and all the other gods and goddesses of pagan times are well represented. Then there is a room full of mummies. I felt sorry for these poor bodies. Just fancy being embalmed two thousand years ago, and to be still exhibited as curiosities! I think I would rather be

> "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
> To stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

than be a mummy.

There is another room given over to a collection of vases. The bronze ones are particularly beautiful.

Jack got back just as we were coming out of the Museum. We found a small hotel opposite called the "Thackeray." Jack said "That's



TOWER BRIDGE

a name that listens good, and has a literary flavor, suppose we go in and have lunch?" After lunch, which was served by waitresses, Jack procured a carriage and we took a drive. We had only driven a few blocks when we heard a cheer, and a carriage passed quickly by. The King and Queen of England were in the carriage and we missed seeing them. They had just arrived in London and were on their way to Buckingham Palace.

We drove along Oxford Street, through Regent Street, and New and Old Bond Streets. These streets are filled with smart shops. We next came to Piccadilly, of which Locker-Lampson says:

> "By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
> Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly."

Here I must tell you of a good joke which was on me. I told the driver that we would like to see the Piccadilly Circus, so he drove us there. I asked him where the circus was. "Right here," he replied. I looked around at the different buildings, but could see no circus, and finally he explained to me that a circus in London was the spot where four or five streets meet; so you see the difference between a circus in New York and one in London.

On the way to Hyde Park we passed the

homes of the wealthy, where the dukes and peers of England reside. No doubt they are very beautiful inside, but they are not exteriorly, I think, as fine as the Vanderbilt homes on Fifth Avenue.

We got a view of Rotten Row, the famous bridle path, where England's aristocracy rides.

Hyde Park is the principal park of the City of London. We were not allowed to drive through it, as we were in a hired carriage. It is more reserved than our Central Park.

After our drive we dropped into the National Gallery, the principal picture gallery of London. There is a large and varied collection of pictures. It is much larger and more interesting than our own Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The pictures are divided according to the different schools of painters. We had no guide to show us about, but we managed to identify some of the important pictures by the aid of guide-books we had purchased.

Perhaps the most famous picture is Raphael's Madonna degli Ansidei, which my guide-book tells me was bought from the Duke of Marlborough for the sum of seventy thousand pounds, the largest amount ever paid for a picture.

We gave our attention principally to the Eng-

lish painters, knowing that we would not have a chance to see their work again; while on the Continent we hoped to see the works of the early masters.

There are numerous landscape pictures by Turner, who enriched this gallery with many of his paintings. There are also beautiful landscapes by Claude and Constable, and a number of portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I was especially interested in seeing the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Gainsborough, which is so much copied. There is an example of the work of our own Gilbert Stuart, many portraits by George Romney, and paintings by Landseer, the great animal painter.

Turner, the English painter, seems to have had the desire to surpass Claude, the old French landscape artist. Several of his paintings have been hung in the same room with those of Claude, according to his own wishes, so that people might judge who was the greater painter.

It is strange, but it is a fact, that the work of the early painters wears better than work done in more recent years. They had some secret of mixing their paints, so that their canvases have come down to us through a number of centuries in very excellent condition. Some of the pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds and one of Tur-

ner's are much more faded than those of the old Italian masters.

In the evening we took a walk along the Strand and saw a sight which you would hardly see in an American city. There was an open barroom, and standing at the bar, was a woman with a baby in her arms. That was rather shocking.

The theatre district is quite brilliantly illuminated, but they have not as many theatres nor are the illuminations so garish as along our Great White Way. They use our songs over here and adapt them to London. I believe it was Sydney Smith who asked sneeringly, "Who reads an American book?" If he were alive to-day he couldn't ask, "Who sings an American song?" They take our songs, but instead of singing of Herald Square, they change it to Leicester Square, and thus make an American song English.

Jack and I on our way back to the hotel dropped into the Tivoli Music Hall, which is on the Strand. We saw quite an interesting vaudeville performance. There was a bar and bar-maids near where we sat, which rather added to the confusion and the noise, and thus detracted from the action on the stage. Then there was a young Englishman who kept repeat-

ing loud enough for everyone in his vicinity to hear him, "It is beastly hot here in London. I wish I had not left Trouville." Jack leaned over to me and said, "I'd be willing to pay his fare back." A man sitting next to Jack got tired of the oft-repeated desire of the young man to be in Trouville and said to Jack, "I believe he is only spoofing." "Spoofing" was a new one for Jack, and he shook with laughter. For a nation that is credited with being so masculine, haven't the English rather feminine expressions, for instance, "Really," "Well rather," and "My word." I cannot imagine Jack saying, "My word." His slang would have more of a Western breeziness about it.

I believe the English take their Music Hall performances more seriously than we take ours. We only look for amusement, while, on this side of the water, the songs and monologues of the vaudevillians deal with politics and serious matters, and thus make sentiment for or against a cause.

UP THE THAMES.

To-day, Sunday, was beautiful and not so hot as a mid-summer day in New York. We had an early breakfast and climbed to the top of a bus and started for Westminster Cathedral.

Westminster City, which adjoins London City, begins at Charing Cross, into which the Strand runs.

We arrived at the Cathedral in time for the nine o'clock mass. It is an immense edifice in the early Christian Byzantine style of architecture and is crowned with a tall campanile. The interior is very spacious, and the high altar with its baldachinum is massive looking. There are a number of beautiful chapels. Cardinals Wiseman and Manning are buried in the crypt.

After leaving the Cathedral we journeyed on to Brompton, and went into Brompton Oratory, where we were in time for the solemn mass. The church was crowded, and a very beautiful church it is, the finest modern example in London of the Italian Renaissance style. Cardinal Newman introduced the Fathers of the Oratory into England, and this church is called "The Oratory" after them.

The Victoria and Albert Memorial nearby is one of the largest buildings I have ever seen. London has some massive buildings.

We drove through Brompton and Chelsea. They reminded me of the upper west side of New York City. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea, as did also Smollett, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Carlyle and Leigh Hunt.

We came back to Westminster and had our lunch there. We afterwards took a walk and passed Buckingham Palace, the King's town residence. There were several big soldiers guarding the gates, and Jack asked one of them if the King were at home. The soldier nodded, but did not deign to speak. Jack, who likes a little joke, asked if visitors could see him that day. The soldier took Jack's question seriously, and giving him a look of withering contempt, sneeringly replied, "No visitors are ever allowed." Jack said, "Beg pardon," and hiding a smile joined us.

We took a pleasant stroll through St. James' Park, and later we found a tally-ho which was bound for Hampton Court Palace. You have seen pictures of old stage coaches. The one that we were on seemed just like one of them. Jack and I mounted up next to the driver, and Jack slipped a little "siller" into his hand, as he in-

tended to ask him questions on the way, so immediately they were on terms of great intimacy.

Shortly after starting we came to a tavern. The driver pulled up his horses and beckoning to the footman, together they entered the tavern and remained there at least a quarter of an hour spending Jack's money. We had quite a laugh amongst ourselves. The rest of the passengers were very angry at the delay, but luckily they did not see Jack give the tip. The coachmen finally appeared and we started again. Jack laughs every time he thinks of the incident. It was funny to look through the window of the tavern and see those two coachmen standing at the bar addressing themselves leisurely to two large tankards of 'alf and 'alf, while the good people on the coach were fuming and fretting.

We passed through several suburbs of London, one of them being Kew which is famous for its botanical gardens. Finally we arrived at Hampton Court. It was my first visit to a palace, the largest in England, and I found it delightful. It was built in 1615 by Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards presented by him to King Henry VIII. It has long ceased to be a royal residence, and is now merely a show place.

The garden behind the palace is filled with

beautiful beds of flowers, and there is a lake almost a mile long. On the north side of the palace is a maze which we did not attempt to enter.

The walls of the palace are hung with beautiful paintings and tapestries, and we got our first view of royal dining-rooms and bed rooms.

The Thames River flows along near the palace, and we found that we could return to London by water. The sight on the river was beautiful. It is narrower than our own Harlem River, and was filled with a great number of row-boats, punts, canoes and houseboats, the latter decked out with lanterns and flowers. Londoners spend their week ends on these houseboats. It was a well-dressed crowd of people and very orderly. I don't know that I ever saw a prettier sight.

We got on board a little steamboat and started down the river for London. At Teddington we passed into a lock. A number of small boats followed us and, when the lock was full of water, we glided gently into the river.

We passed Twickenham. You may remember the old song, "Twickenham Ferry." Twickenham is best known because it was the home of Alexander Pope, the English poet, who is buried there. There are numerous well-

kept lawns coming down to the river's edge, and the scenery is pastoral and restful. Pope had a grotto near the Thames with three mirrors in it, wherein he gazed at the reflection of the pleasure seekers on the river, while he himself was invisible. Horace Walpole had a house on Strawberry Hill, which is just a little back from the Thames. Henry Fielding lived at Twickenham, as did Tennyson, so you see it has famous literary associations.

The boat brought us to Richmond. It was then after seven o'clock, and we took the train back to London. It was nearly nine when we arrived. The embankment was crowded with thousands of people listening to a band concert. We lost no time in getting into the grill room of our hotel and ordering a substantial dinner. The waiter told Jack that the room was filled with Americans. It is wonderful how much one can see in a day.

LITERARY SHRINES.

London, as you know, contains many literary shrines. Most English authors, if they were not born here, came at some period of their existence to find lodgings in this great metropolis.

Fleet Street, which adjoins the Strand on the east, is filled with memories of a literary past. Dr. Johnson looms up as the most famous character connected with this street. He resided for some years at Gough Square near Fleet Street. It was while living here that he compiled his dictionary, and was arrested because he was unable to pay a small debt.

It seems to me that nearly all the old authors were arrested at some time on account of their inability to make sufficient money to pay for their daily bread and lodgings. You may remember the couplet, which says:

"Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The geniuses lived too soon. If they were with us now the lines of their lives would probably fall in more pleasant places. Modern au-

thors, who are not geniuses, sell editions of fifty thousand copies of their books and wear purple and fine linen.

The great Dr. Johnson on one occasion was sent for by Oliver Goldsmith, another denizen of Fleet Street, and when he arrived he found that the landlady had the author of "Sweet Auburn" arrested for non-payment of rent. Goldsmith gave Johnson a new novel which he had finished, and the doctor took it out and sold it for sixty pounds. The novel was "The Vicar of Wakefield." Many of the old authors come down to us with the shadow of an inexorable landlady or a bailiff hovering over them.

The Cheshire Cheese, a tavern frequented by Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and Boswell, is still in existence in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, and Baedeker names it as one of the London restaurants.

The Temple, the famous law school on the south side of Fleet Street, and fronting with its gardens on the embankment, has many literary associations. Henry Fielding was a student there. Charles Lamb was born in the Temple. Thackeray had lodgings in it, and so had Praed, who wrote such fine *vers de Societé*. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was performed in the middle Temple Court, with Queen Elizabeth as

a spectator. Oliver Goldsmith is buried at the side of the Temple Church which adjoins the Temple on the west. It was in the Temple Gardens, so Shakespeare tells us, that the red and white roses were gathered which became the badges of the Houses of York and Lancaster in the War of the Roses. In these gardens Ruth Pinch used to meet her brother, Tom, as you may remember from "Martin Chuzzlewit." Dickens's novels, of course, are full of London.

Another spot that has many literary associations is Charter House, originally a monastery of the Carthusian Monks. Here was the Charter House school which Crashaw, Richard Lovelace, Steel, Addison and Thackeray attended. The school has been removed, but the Home of the Poor Brethren remains. It was in this home that Colonel Newcome, who was once a scholar of the school, and then one of the poor brethren, answered, "Adsum," when he was dying.

Thackeray could not have been very contented while he was at the Charter House, for he wrote to his mother, "There are three hundred and seventy in the school, and I wish there were only three hundred and sixty-nine."

Between Bread and Friday streets in Cheapside, which lies beyond St. Paul's, was formerly the Mermaid Tavern, frequented by Shakes-

peare, Spencer, Beaumont, Fletcher and Ben Johnson. Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside and Keats resided in it for a time.

How I would like to have a week in which to wander about London and get acquainted with more of the places famous for being the homes or haunts of the great English writers.

We paid a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, which was built by Sir Christopher Wren, who seems to have done most of the building in "this neck of the woods."

St. Paul's is certainly a great big church. I believe it is five hundred feet in length. It has a whispering gallery, wherein the slightest whisper can be heard over one hundred feet away. You may remember that the same thing takes place in the Capitol of Washington. Don't you recollect when the guide placed us in one part under the dome, and then went behind our backs about thirty feet and whispered, and the whispering sounded like loud talking?

Among the notable people buried in St. Paul's Cathedral are Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Vandyck and Turner, the famous painters, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wrote the music of "Pinafore."

St Paul's on the outside has a very sooty ap-

pearance, rather like the public buildings of Chicago. Pardon the comparison. A great part of the money that built St. Paul's Cathedral came from a tax on coal, so it is said that the church has a reason for its black drapery.

Beyond St. Paul's is Cheapside, where is situated the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow. Anyone who is born within the sound of its bells is called a Cockney. Cheapside runs into the Poultry. What funny names they have for streets in London.

The Bank of England, called "the old lady of Threadneedle Street," and the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, are opposite each other. Running off from Cheapside are two streets with rather strange names, one is Bread Street, where Milton was born, and the other is Milk Street.

We have been out to the East End of London. The streets of Whitechapel are mean, but not nearly so crowded as those of our own East Side. The 'bus driver pointed out a house in which Jack the Ripper committed one of his terrible murders.

The Costers are dressed very much as you have seen them on the stage in vaudeville, only, of course, not quite so exaggerated. The hats the women wore were certainly wonderful crea-

tions. The men do not wear collars, but little scarfs or tippets around the neck, and their trousers bell out over their shoes in sailor fashion.

We wandered around amongst the crowds for a while, and then hailed a passing 'bus and came back to our hotel.

SOME ENGLISH PECULIARITIES.

We have been down to Greenwich where the Royal Observatory is, and where "time" is regulated. We sailed down the Thames under Blackfriars Bridge and London Bridge, passing Billingsgate, the famous fish market, the denizens of which were notorious for their rude language called "billingsgate."

We sailed on under Tower Bridge, the newest and most pretentious of the bridges across the Thames. At Greenwich, besides visiting the Royal Observatory, we went through the Royal Naval College, where the hero of Trafalgar is much commemorated.

Beyond Greenwich is Blackheath, where Nathaniel Hawthorne once resided.

On our way back we drove along the Surrey side of the river through Southwark, which I remember is rather dull looking as viewed from across the Thames. The driver pointed out several places of interest, St. Saviour's Church, Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and the extensive brewery of Barclay Perkins & Company.

compared with the great structures that span the East River between New York and Brooklyn. London has taken to itself the Thames, as New York could not possibly take the East River or the Hudson River, which are too big to become intimate parts of our Metropolis. It was the sight of London in the early morning light from Westminster Bridge that suggested to Wordsworth his much-admired sonnet, that ends with the lines:

> "Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

London is the land of "Beg pardon." You get it on all sides. Every time you ask an innocent question, it is hurled at you so suddenly that sometimes it makes you jump.

If you say to the waiter, "Bring me a cup of tea," he replies, "Beg pardon! a cup of tea?" It is very polite, but they lose a lot of time. Apropos of tea, it is the national beverage. I believe they drink a lot of tea in Ireland, so much, in fact, that many cases of lunacy are ascribed to this habit. I think the English drink a great deal more. I mind me now that the great Dr. Johnson used to drink fifty cups of tea a day. Wherever you travel in the suburbs of London, there are tea houses. Tea costs a

shilling a cup in the restaurants. Rather dear, I fancy, for a country where money is none too plentiful. Coffee, also, is a shilling a cup.

In Ireland, and, I suppose, here, too, the dining room has the sign "Coffee Room" over the door. But if you ask for a cup of coffee, the waiter will tell you that they don't serve coffee there, but in the lobby of the hotel. I wonder why they call it a "coffee room"?

Another national institution of Great Britain is marmalade. They offer you marmalade with as much unction as if it were terrapin. If you tell the waiter you won't have any marmalade, he asks in a shocked way, "Beg pardon! no marmalade?"

Another thing that I think is confined to the British Isles is the custom of walking and driving on the left side. We keep to the right, and I believe they do on the Continent, but the English veer to the left.

The bar-maid is an especially English institution. I stepped into the reading room of the Hotel Cecil yesterday, and, as I did so, I caught a view of the bar, where a young woman was dispensing drinks to several men. It does seem a strange position for a woman, still, I am told, they are treated with a great deal of respect.

A man may beat his wife over here, but not insult a bar-maid.

There is more regard for human life in London than with us. To-day a man was killed near the Bank of England by an automobile, and all the newspapers are making a great time about it. Such an occurrence with us would get no more than a passing comment.

I have been much disappointed since I came to London, because I have seen no fogs. I have heard so much about the big fogs of London that I think I would like the experience of being lost in one. We have had sunshine and bright skies every day. The fogs, I believe, do not begin until about October and end at the beginning of the good old summer time.

London has a great advantage over the city of New York, because it is the capital of England, and, therefore, has not only its own municipal buildings, but also the national ones. If New York City were the capital of the United States, you can readily see it would be a much greater town than it is.

I think they advertise here more than we do at home. The omnibuses are covered with advertisements, and in the subway and railway stations, there is one vast panorama of "Bovril."

To-morrow we leave for Paris. We have

made up our minds to push on to Rome. The trip will have to be a very hurried one, as our time is limited. They say over here that Americans travel too fast and, therefore, cannot give the proper time and attention to the interesting objects that are to be seen. This, no doubt, is true, but still we are determined to reach Rome.

LA VILLE-LUMIERE.

We are in the capital of France. You have often heard it said that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." We left London this morning on an early train. I would have liked to have dropped off for a day at Canterbury to see its beautiful cathedral, which in early days was the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and the scene of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The itinerary that we have planned made it impossible for us to spend a day there.

Dover is a town built on chalk cliffs and is a watering place. When the English Channel is rough, many people remain at its hotels until the water grows calmer. We found the sea a bit "narsty," but none of us suffered from seasickness.

Do you know what was the most prominent object that met our view at Calais? "Heinz—57 Varieties!"

It took only two hours to cross the Channel,

but what a change in passing from one nation to another.

We found the train to Paris awaiting us, so we had no chance to roam about Calais. Before the train started the guard took note of the passengers who wished to have dinner. We were hungry after imbibing so much fresh air crossing the Channel, and declared that we wanted dinner very badly. A few minutes later the train pulled out from the station. French trains generally do go fast, and this one certainly did. Along the route there were signs telling us to read the "New York Herald."

We arrived at Gare du Nord at five o'clock. Of course, we had to go through the inevitable custom house, but I must say that the custom-house officers weren't half bad. We were soon in a taxicab, swinging along the crowded boulevards, and at the Avenue de l'Opera got a glimpse of the famous Opera House, which the driver pointed out to us. We then came through the Rue de la Paix, where Worth, Paquin, Doucet and the other famous dressmakers have their shops. Then we entered the Place Vendome, in the centre of which there is a very high column in honor of Napoleon I, the metal of which was obtained by melting down twelve hundred Russian and Austrian cannons. Finally we ar-

rived at the Hotel Continental, which was, I learn, in earlier days a monastery of the Capuchin Friars.

It began to rain while we were at dinner and continued during the evening, a soft, summer rain which did not prevent us from going out of doors. I like to be out in the streets of a big city when it is raining. Things have a different aspect.

The Tuileries Gardens are opposite the Hotel Continental. The Palace of the Tuileries, which was destroyed by the Commune in 1871, formerly stood there. It was built by Catherine de Medici, and derived its aristocratic name from the tile-kilns that were there before the palace was built. It was occupied by different French sovereigns, among whom were Napoleon I and Napoleon III.

It seems a pity that people cannot get up a revolution without destroying palaces and art treasures. I do wish that the Communards had not placed barrels of gun powder in the rooms of this old palace and blown it to pieces. I was so disappointed in getting here too late to see it in its glory.

From the Gardens of the Tuileries we went on a voyage of discovery, and landed in the most beautiful square in the world, the Place de la

Concorde. Where Broadway meets Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street has always struck me as one of the finest squares we have, but it does not compare with the Place de la Concorde. In early days it was called the Place de la Revolution, and the guillotine was there set up. Charlotte Corday and Marie Antoinette were both beheaded in this square. In the middle of it is an obelisk which was taken from the Temple of Luxor, rather a finer one than we have in Central Park. It is flanked by a beautiful fountain on each side.

There are seven stone figures in the Place de la Concorde symbolic of as many towns of France. The one representing Strasburg, which was lost by France to Germany, when the Germans annexed Alsace-Lorraine, is always hung with mourning garlands, showing that France has not forgotten.

From the centre of the square, we could look down the Rue Royale and see the Madeleine, the Church of St. Mary Magdalen.

We wandered on a little further to the west, and came to the Champs-Elysées, from which a grand avenue leads to the Arc de Triomphe. Having discovered so much on our first evening in Paris, we felt contented and returned to the hotel.

We could hear the soldiers beating drums in the Garden of the Tuileries as a warning to all who were there to vacate them. This is done every evening.

BOULEVARDS.

We were up early this morning, and after breakfast, which was served in our rooms, as is the custom here, we attended mass at the Madeleine. This handsome church was built by Napoleon I, who intended it for a temple of glory. It has, as you know, from pictures you have seen of it, a colonnade of big Corinthian columns. The bronze doors with illustrations of the Ten Commandments are most beautiful. Over the high altar there is a massive marble group, representing Mary Magdalen being carried into Paradise by two angels.

The boulevards begin at the Madeleine, where there is a pretty flower market. We climbed up to the top of a 'bus, and rode along them. The Boulevard de la Madeleine leads to the Boulevard des Capucines. Further on is the famous and fashionable Boulevard des Italiens, which is the very centre of all the boulevards. The Boulevard Montmartre is succeeded by the Boulevard Poissonnière, which, I suppose you know, means fish. Further on we passed the triumphal arch called Porte St. Denis, and an-

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

other arch, Porte St. Martin, and the Place de la Republic. We went as far as the Place de la Bastille. Here formerly stood the Bastille.

I will now confess to you a piece of ignorance. I thought that the Bastille still existed as a ruin, and I enquired of a gendarme where it was. He very kindly explained to me that it was utterly destroyed, and, in its place, there is the Column of July.

From the Place de la Bastille we found that we could get a 'bus to the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, which I was anxious to visit. This cemetery is named after a Jesuit, who was confessor to Louis XIV. It is an extensive cemetery, and we wandered in it for several hours. We found monuments to Rossini and Alfred de Musset. After considerable hunting around, we came to the graves of Abelard and Heloise. This tomb, with the exception of Napoleon's, is visited by more people than any other in Paris. Rosa Bonheur, the famous painter of animals, is buried close by.

We saw the tombs of many who are world famous. Cherubini, the composer, Moliere, Alphonse Daudet, Robert Planquette, the author of the "Chimes of Normandy," Balzac, and many others well known in art and literature.

We passed a funeral while on our way to

Père-Lachaise, and we noticed that men on the sidewalks raised their hats as the hearse went by. That seems a good Christian custom, doesn't it?

We had wandered so much through the cemetery that we were a little tired, and after lunch rested at the hotel. This evening we procured a carriage and drove out to the famous park called the Bois de Boulogne, passing under the Arc de Triomphe, the largest triumphal arch in the world. It was erected by Napoleon I to commemorate his victories.

The driver showed us the home of the former Countess Castellane, née Anna Gould. It is modeled after the Petit Trianon, the villa of Marie Antoinette at Versailles.

We had a long and pleasant drive through the Bois, going as far as the race course at Longchamps.

The driver pointed out to us across the Seine the little town of St. Cloud, and also the town of Sevres, where the famous porcelain is made.

The Bois contains several celebrated restaurants. We chose the Pavillon de Armenonville, in preference to the others, because of its fine-sounding name. It looked like a jewelled chateau set in the dark woods.

We are certainly having a good time. If Alice

and myself were travelling alone, we would hardly dine at such an expensive restaurant, but Jack and his mother insist on taking us everywhere. Jack spends his money most lavishly. They are very wealthy, as Mrs. Lawlor's husband was a part owner of a gold and silver mine in Virginia City, Nevada, and when he died this property came into the possession of Mrs. Lawlor and Jack.

A dinner in one of these restaurants in the Bois, is, if anything, more expensive than a dinner in a New York restaurant. The food and service are of the best. This *al fresco* style of dining in a brilliant café with a background of woods is just about as pleasant an experience as I have ever had.

After a day of sight-seeing we were weary, and when one's head aches from the innumerable things one has seen, it is certainly idyllic to feast in such pastoral surroundings. Shakespeare makes one of his characters say, "I am a man whose meat nourishes me," and I must say that we all ate as if our meat nourished us. The restaurant was quite crowded, carriages arriving every moment, until finally the late comers had to wait before they could be served.

When we finished dinner, we drove back through the Bois, and found the boulevards

filled with people. They looked like one long chain of restaurants. In some places half of the avenue is taken up with people dining. They all seemed very merry and evidently are great conversationalists.

Thousands of pedestrians walked leisurely along, chatting, seeing the sights, or watching the diners. It is the liveliest scene I have ever witnessed. When it bursts suddenly upon you, you imagine that the city must be *en fête,* but it is this way all summer, until the real cold weather drives the boulevardiers indoors. It seemed to be a happy, easy-going throng of people, but I suppose if the occasion required it, they could be whipped up suddenly into another revolution.

THE LOUVRE.

We have been to the Louvre. It takes its name from Louvrie, which was the rendezvous of wolf-hunters. The Louvre is the greatest picture gallery in the world. It has not the number of old masters that the Vatican possesses, but it is the most brilliant of all the galleries.

You have read some of Perrault's fairy tales, "Sleeping Beauty," "Cinderella," and others. This Dr. Perrault was the architect of a considerable portion of this great palace. There are so many rooms in it that it would take one two hours to walk through them. Even an American couldn't do it in less.

I saw so many pictures in one morning that my head was swimming. What a world of culture this gallery opens up to one! It reminds me of the song that says, "You don't know how much you have to know in order to know how little you know."

Of course, I could never give you a description of half the treasures of the Louvre, so I will content myself with mentioning a few. We were wandering along from one room to an-

other, when suddenly in the distance at the end of a salon, we beheld the most celebrated treasure of the Louvre, the marble lady, a copy of whom you have often seen, the famous Venus de Milo. We came upon it so suddenly and so unexpectedly that I really felt like "some far-off watcher of the sky when a new planet swims into his ken." This beautiful statue was discovered in 1820 by a peasant in the Island of Melos, now called Milo. It is supposed to be the work of the second century before the Christian era.

Among the pictures in the Louvre, perhaps the most celebrated one, is Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa." This is a portrait of the wife of the painter's friend. It is called "La Giocon-da," after her husband's name. Da Vinci is credited with having worked four years on this picture. Volumes have been written on her smile and its meaning.

In one room the guide pointed out a thing which one is likely to meet with occasionally in picture galleries, and which is offensive to one's religious sense. He showed us where Leonardo da Vinci had used the same model for St. John the Baptist as he did for Bacchus. I found out later that it was not certain that Leonardo da Vinci painted the St. John.

Another very famous picture is Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." There are eighteen large paintings by Rubens of Marie de Medici. It must have been the Rubens gallery to which an American lady in the hotel last night referred when she was speaking of the Louvre. She said, "I do not want to see any more paintings by Rubens, for I have seen miles and miles of them."

It would be impossible to name the many beautiful and famous paintings or even the ones that the guide calls important. One picture of a face I noticed seemed to have little beads for tears. I called the attention of the guide to it, and said I thought it was not artistic work. He was surprised himself and stepped to the side of the picture. He then called me to look at it sidewise and I saw that the beads had disappeared. The artist had worked so cunningly that the painted tears stood out like beads on the face.

We went to the Luxembourg Gallery, but unfortunately it was closed. This gallery contains the paintings of contemporary artists.

We took a stroll in the Luxembourg Gardens. This is a Renaissance garden, my guide-book informs me. A band was playing, and there were a great many people scattered about. In

one place a crowd had collected, and when we arrived there, we found that a number of middle-aged and old men were playing croquet. In Paris the race for wealth is not so acute or so strenuous as it is with us. Over here after a man has attained a competence, he is likely to invest it and take life easy. You can scarcely imagine a number of men playing croquet in the park of an American city. I am sure there must be fewer cases of neurasthenia here than at home.

After we came out of the gardens we took a walk along the Seine. There are many second-hand book stalls on the quays. Students from the Quartier Latin, book-lovers, and an occasional priest were examining the books. Do you remember the lines supposed to have been addressed by the keeper of a book stall to one who frequently came to thumb his books, but not to purchase?

> "You sir, you never buy a book,
> Therefore in one you shall not look."

I suppose the owners of these stands do on occasions use such harsh words to impecunious book-lovers.

Little steamers ply up and down the Seine, and we took a sail in one of them. The Seine

is not a very broad river, and a sail on it gives one charming views of Paris. I don't believe any city in the world has two such fine rivers as we have in New York. When you travel a little, you wake up to this fact.

Parisian anglers fish in the Seine, but the fish they catch are very microscopic.

Under the bridges of the river a flourishing business is done by those who clip little poodle dogs, shave 'longshoremen, and refill hair mattresses. Don't understand me to mean that they shave 'longshoremen and then refill mattresses.

Jack got tickets for "Aida," which is to be sung this evening at the Opera House, and he and I are going.

THE OPERA HOUSE

The Paris Opera House is a massive and noble building. It is the largest theatre in the world, though it does not possess the largest seating capacity. My guide-book informs me that there is hardly a variety of marble or costly stone which has not been used in its construction.

I have heard "Aida" better sung in New York than it was sung last night. We get the best singers that Europe produces, as we can afford to pay them higher salaries.

Between the acts we wandered out into what is called the grand staircase. It certainly is an elaborate piece of work, with its marble steps and marble columns. It would need a king and queen and their *entourage* to do it justice, so magnificent is its appearance. There is a loggia where we walked between the acts and looked out on the Place de l'Opera and saw the boulevardiers sipping their cool drinks at the Café de la Paix.

To-day we visited Napoleon's tomb. The Bridge of Alexander III, called the Golden Bridge, and the handsomest bridge across the Seine, leads to the Hôtel des Invalides, founded

by Louis XIV. This hospital can accommodate seven thousand, but, I believe, at present, there are about fifty soldiers in it. Part of it is used as an army museum. In the crypt of the church, called the Dome des Invalides, is the tomb of Napoleon. The sarcophagus which contains his body was made out of a single block of porphyry. On the pavement the names of Napoleon's famous battles are inscribed. The crypt is surrounded by colossal figures representing his victories.

The bodies of Joseph Bonaparte and Jerome Bonaparte are buried in chapels in the crypt. It is the handsomest tomb in the world, and when you stand by it, you feel yourself stirred with emotion at the recollection of the wonderful deeds of the Little Corporal.

Not far from the Hôtel des Invalides is the Champ-de-Mars, the place where the Paris expositions were held. Nearby is the Eiffel Tower, which is nine hundred and eighty-four feet in height. The tower on the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company building in New York is more than seven hundred feet. The Metropolitan tower, however, is more wonderful, because it is built of stone, whereas the Eiffel Tower is a skeleton structure of iron. We did not attempt to mount to the top of it.

Opposite the Eiffel Tower is the Palace of the Trocadero, constructed for the exposition of 1878. It has a terrace in front, below which there is a cascade of water flowing into an immense basin. The Trocadero is now used as a museum.

We have had a chance to drop into a few more churches. Just around the corner from our hotel is the Church of St. Roch in the Rue St. Honoré. We attended a solemn mass of requiem, which was sung for the repose of the souls of the soldiers who fell in the Franco-Prussian War. There were quite a number of people present and the music was impressive. St. Roch has the reputation of having fine music.

The interior of the church is in the baroque style of architecture. That is a new one for me. It is the style of architecture that came in after the Renaissance, and its defect is over-ornamentation.

Corneille, the great French tragic dramatist, is buried here. The pillars of the church still show the marks from Napoleon's cannon when he fired at the Royalists in 1795.

We visited also the Church of St. Augustine on the Boulevard Malesherbes, which is one of the fine streets of Paris. It is a modern church, and of course everything in it is new and fresh.

A little guide-book, which I came across, tells me "that St. Augustine's shows on the outside as well as on the inside the richness of this parish."

We journeyed up the hill of Montmartre by means of a little cable tram car to pay a visit to the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, which crowns Montmartre. It would be an imposing church anywhere, but becomes more so on account of its position overlooking Paris. It is constructed in the Romanesque-Byzantine style of architecture and has a large dome and clock tower. It has been a very costly structure, and is not yet completed.

A view of Paris from the hill on which the church is built, called Butte Montmartre, is very interesting. It is here on this hill that St. Denis, the first bishop of Paris, suffered martyrdom in the year 270. This fact is supposed to have given it its name, the Mount of Martyrs.

Montmartre is rather a dingy section of Paris with rough cobbled stone streets. We did not get an opportunity to visit the cemetery of Montmartre, nor to see the two medieval windmills, which still remain standing.

Besides visiting churches we have done a little shopping. We have been in the Bon Marché and in the Grand Magasins du Louvre. They

are large establishments, but they seem to sell a great deal of rather cheap stuff. You would not be as much impressed with them as with some of our own big department stores, as they have not as dignified an appearance. The small shops in the Rue de la Paix are very expensive.

I tried to buy a little silver knife in one of them, and the price the clerk asked was outrageous. I told him I could get it much cheaper in Tiffany's in New York. He said he didn't doubt that I could, but that Tiffany carried a much inferior grade of goods to theirs. He said if I would step down the street into Tiffany's, I would probably get a cheaper knife. I did so, and found what I wanted at a reasonable figure. I mentioned at Tiffany's what the clerk in the other store had said. They admitted that probably it was true, as Tiffany's were not knife sellers, but jewellers. Precious stones are cheaper in Paris than in New York, so the clerk informed us, but ornaments in gold are cheaper at home, because gold is more plentiful in the United States than in Europe.

You may remember seeing the statement that certain New York stores have branches in Paris, of which they make a great display. When you come to look for them in Paris you find that these branch stores are very small affairs.

We have been in Paquin's, and Mrs. Lawlor left an order for a gown, which will be finished by the time she returns to Paris.

We were talking to an American dressmaker at the hotel the other evening. She told us that an American dressmaker will go into one of the large establishments, bringing with her a young French girl, who has the ability to draw. The dressmaker looks over the models, and the young French girl watches them closely and afterwards from memory makes sketches of them. Of course, she wouldn't be allowed to make a drawing of them while looking at the models.

These establishments, on St. Catharine's Day, give a dinner and dance to their employees. On that occasion the girl whose age is nearest to twenty-five is adorned with a bonnet which indicates that she is an old maid. Naturally, there is considerable hiding of ages, and the one who gets the bonnet is apt to be nearer fifty than twenty-five.

The girls in these dressmaking establishments work hard during the busy season. I see them at eight o'clock in the morning, from my window, which is opposite a dressmaker's. I meet them in the streets in the evening about eight o'clock going home from work. A long day, isn't it?

QUARTIER LATIN.

We have been over to the Quartier Latin, where we spent the whole day. In starting out, Jack said to me, with a laugh, "Be sure you don't take any more bad money." He referred to the fact that yesterday several counterfeit pieces of silver were given to me in change.

The Seine has two islands in it, one called the Isle de la Cité, and the other the Isle St. Louis. The Cité is the oldest part of Paris, and its most important structure is the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. The façade of the church is remarkable, and is adorned with many statues of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin and of different saints. The ancient stained glass windows are noteworthy, and the rose window especially is magnificent. The art of making these windows was lost in the fourteenth century, and ever since that time stained glass windows have not been made so beautiful. Whenever it has been necessary to repair one of these old windows you can detect the difference in the glass.

The sacristan brought us into the sacristy of the church, which contains many interesting

relics. We saw what tradition says is the crown of thorns, a nail from the cross and a fragment of the true cross. He also exhibited the coronation robes of Napoleon I, and the blood-stained robes of three Archbishops of Paris who were put to death at different times by an excited populace.

We made our way up into the tower and had a glorious view of Paris. All along the tower are most terrible looking gargoyles. They seem like things that might appear to you in a dream after you had eaten a Welsh-rarebit.

From Notre-Dame we went to the Palace of Justice, another ancient building, adorned with an immense clock, which is said to be the oldest public clock in France.

The Palace of Justice contains the courts of law and the Sainte-Chapelle. This chapel was erected in 1245 during the reign of St. Louis, and it formerly contained the sacred relics which are now kept at Notre-Dame.

The mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated once a year on the opening of the courts, and is the only religious service held here. This chapel is considered to be the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in France, and, with its ancient stained glass windows, it has a loveliness which is indescribable. We came upon

it so suddenly and so unexpectedly that its charm and beauty transfixed us with admiration.

Another old building in this part of Paris is the Hôtel-Dieu, the oldest hospital in Paris. We did not enter it, as we did not feel in the humor just then of visiting a hospital.

The Boulevard St. Michel, called the Boul. St. Mich. by the students, is the principal street of the Quartier Latin, and it is famous as the residential section of the students of Paris. In the thirteenth century Robert de Sorbon, confessor of St. Louis, founded a hostel for theological students who were poor, and it rapidly became a great seat of learning. In the seventeenth century Cardinal Richelieu erected on this site the Sorbonne, but since then it has been rebuilt and added to in modern times until it has become an immense structure, and is now called the University of Paris. The church of the Sorbonne is the only part of the original building that is left.

I bought a small picture of a very striking painting which hangs in this church. The title of the painting is "For Humanity—For the Fatherland." It shows our Lord dead on the cross, and at the foot of the cross a soldier fallen from his horse and lying dead. You see the meaning.

THE MADELEINE

Our Lord died for humanity, and the soldier for his country. It is painted by an artist named Weerts.

From the Sorbonne we went to the Pantheon. This building was first dedicated to St. Geneviève, but it has been since converted into the Pantheon. It occupies the site of the tomb of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with an immense dome, and is a magnificent structure. In front of it there is a figure in bronze called "The Thinker," by Rodin. The interior is embellished with many beautiful paintings. Those depicting scenes in the life of St. Geneviève by Puvis de Chavannes strike one as examples of the Art Nouveau.

The guide brought us down to the vaults which contain the tombs of Rousseau, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Zola and other great and irreligious Frenchmen. When we arrived at the entrance to the vaults, the guide divided the sightseers into groups, saying, "Those who speak French will go to the right, and those who speak English, together with those who speak American, will come with me to the left." Naturally there was a suppressed giggle at this piece of information.

After we finished the Pantheon we went to

the Church of St. Etienne-du-Mont nearby. The interior of this church is accounted one of the finest in Paris. Its architecture is rather different from any that I have ever seen and is wonderfully beautiful. In one of the chapels we came upon the tomb of St. Geneviève, where some articles of devotion which we had purchased in the vestibule of the church were blessed for us.

This a very old and quaint part of Paris. The driver of our carriage pointed out to us some ornaments on the houses which showed their antiquity, and caused him to laugh, but unfortunately I could not understand French enough to know what he was talking about. It is provoking when you are travelling not to know a language well. Before you come to Europe brush up your French.

On our way back we drove by the Institut de France. The Academie Française, which is a part of the Institut, has forty members, who are called the "Immortals," and it is, as you know, a great honor to be one of them.

Further on, we came to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which is the home of the Sulpician Fathers. Unfortunately we did not have time to visit the Church of St. Sulpice, which is very handsome.

When we are travelling about, Jack finds some difficulty in getting cigars. Tobacco here is a government monopoly, so that may account for it. He says this is a funny town. It has three hair-dressing establishments for every cigar store.

We were all very tired when we returned to the hotel, and so we did not venture forth this evening. It is rather aggravating after you have spent the day in visiting objects of interest to find out when you return to your hotel that other people have visited these same places and have seen things which you missed. I am so interested I do not want to lose the sight of anything.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

To-day we had a most delightful trip to Fontainebleau. We missed the train and had to wait nearly an hour for another. While we were standing outside of the Gare de Lyon, looking to find a place where we could pass the time until the next train started, a French woman came up to us and said, "If you speak slowly, I will tell you where the place is to which you wish to go." I asked her where the Cemetery of Petit Picpus was. She blushed and answered, "I am sorry, but I do not know where it is."

We hailed a tram car and rode through streets we had never been in before. There was a balloon and an air-ship encircling the city, and these engaged our attention.

The journey to Fontainebleau is a pleasant one. Just opposite the palace we found a hotel and had our lunch in the garden. When Jack received the bill there was a charge of one franc a person for the "couvert," which is practically a charge for setting the table.

Fontainebleau is a palace of the Renaissance

period. In feudal times castles were built as strongholds, but, when the kings became more powerful and there was less danger of invasion from the feudal lords, palaces were built with a view to beauty and convenience rather than to solidity.

As far back as the twelfth century, there was a chateau on the site where the palace now stands. St. Louis lived in it, and its chapel was consecrated by St. Thomas à Becket, so you see it is quite ancient. The present palace was begun by Francis I and was completed by Louis XIII.

The chapel, which we visited first, was the scene of the marriage of Louis XV and of the baptism of Napoleon III.

From the chapel we were conducted to the apartments of Napoleon I, with whom Fontainebleau is much associated. It was at Fontainebleau that he divorced Josephine, signed his abdication, and afterwards reviewed the grenadiers from whom he had parted a hundred days before, when he went into exile at Elba.

After seeing the relics of Napoleon we went to the rooms of Marie Antoinette, which consist of her boudoir, bedroom and music room. We saw also the apartment which was occupied by Pope Pius VII when he was held as a prisoner

here by Napoleon; and the rooms of Catharine de Medici and of Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XV.

The most richly decorated hall in the palace is the Salle des Fêtes, or, as it is now called, the Gallery of Henry II, which, my guide-book tells me, was the favorite abode of Empress Eugenie.

From the palace windows we got a charming view of the gardens and the lake. After our visit to the palace Jack procured a carriage and we drove through the Forest of Fontainebleau. It is fifty miles in circumference, so, of course, we did not drive through it all. It is a beautiful woodland country, and on its borders is the little town of Barbizon, which was the home of the famous painters Rousseau and Millet.

Altogether we were delighted with our trip to Fontainebleau, as it gave us a day in the country, which was very restful after all the sight-seeing we had done in Paris.

To-morrow morning at nine o'clock we start for Switzerland. Oh, you Alps! That is not slang. It is an apostrophe.

LUCERNE

LUCERNE.

We arrived in Switzerland last evening from Paris and are stopping at the Schweizerhof Hotel, overlooking the beautiful Lake of Lucerne. There are large crowds at the hotels as this is the "high season." I do wish I had a week or two to spend among these everlasting mountains, but we must be on our way.

We have bought circular tickets which will bring us back from Rome through Monte Carlo, Nice and Marseilles to Paris.

While riding in the train I passed the time pleasantly reading Baedeker. He gives most important advice to those who intend to do mountain climbing. He says, to prevent the feet from blistering during a protracted walk, they may be rubbed morning and evening with brandy and tallow, or a warm foot bath with bran will be found soothing after a long day's march. Glaciers should be traversed in the morning as early as possible before the sun softens the crust of ice formed during the night over the crevices. How delighted I would be if I could only traverse a glacier, and, with

my trusted alpen-stock, pursue my way to the very topmost point of these snow-covered mountains!

My guide-book warns the traveller against sleeping in chalets. "Whatever poetry there may be theoretically in a fragrant bed of hay, the cold night air piercing many apertures, the ringing of the cow bells, and the grunting of the pigs, can hardly conduce to a refreshing slumber." I agree with Mr. Baedeker. Whatever else I do in Switzerland, I won't sleep in a chalet.

Lake Lucerne is considered one of the most beautiful in Europe. It is called the "Lake of Four Forest Cantons," and also the "Vierwaldstatter See," and is twenty-three miles long, almost as long as its name, forming an irregular cross between the mountains.

Lucerne is as sweet and picturesque a town as one could wish to see, and is situated on the border of the lake. It is a most restful spot for tired trippers. It is quite cool here in the morning and in the evening, and it was a great delight this morning when I looked out of my window to see far above me the snow on the mountain tops. Alice and I took a walk before breakfast; the air was clear and crisp and my coat felt very comfortable.

The shops here are the equal of the finest shops I saw in Paris. In fact, the jewelry shops are so gorgeously brilliant that one with a limited pocketbook would be afraid to enter them.

The hotels are very prettily situated on the lake, and we heard a splendid band playing last night. The Swiss are the greatest hotel people in Europe. Not only do they run the hotels in Switzerland, but, I am told, they conduct to a very great extent those in France and Italy. Ritz, who founded the famous Ritz Hotels, was a Swiss.

We dropped into a church on our walk. A priest was saying mass behind a grill, the first time I have ever seen this.

The River Reuss, which divides the town, empties into the lake, and is crossed by a number of bridges. Two of these were built many centuries ago and run across the river obliquely and not straight, as all other bridges do which I have seen. They both have roofs. One is called the Kapell-Brucke, and its roof is painted with pictures of St. Leodegar and St. Mauretius. The other bridge farther up the stream is called the Spreuer-Brucke, and pictures called the Dance of Death embellish it. It was rather dark when we strolled over these bridges last

evening, so we could not see the pictures very distinctly.

There is an old light-house, not used now, near where the Reuss empties into the lake, which was called in Latin "Lucerna," from which the name of the town is supposed to have been derived.

We did not get into the Hofkirche, which is the Church of St. Leodegar, Lucerne's patron saint, and which has attained some fame on account of its organ recitals.

The massive Lion of Lucerne, which is hewn out of the sandstone rock, is one of the sights of the town. It was made after a model of Thorwaldsen, and commemorates the Swiss Guard who fell defending the Tuileries in 1792. Models of it in wood are for sale in the shops. Ornaments in wood are common souvenirs here.

There was a copy of "Tartarin of the Alps" in English lying on the table in the hotel parlor last evening, and I read the first chapter aloud to the others. It tells of Tartarin's first appearance in the Alps, when he climbs up the Rigi with an ice-axe, alpen-stock, knapsack and coil of rope, accoutred for an ascent of the Jungfrau or Mount Blanc rather than for a climb of the Rigi, which is reached easily by a funicular railway. It seemed that what I read amused

Jack very much, and after we had retired for the night, he went to the hotel office and began to inquire about mountain climbing and the things necessary for the work. The humor of the thing appealed to him so strongly that when he appeared this morning for breakfast, he was fully apparelled for mountain climbing. The manager of the hotel was a mountain climber, and loaned Jack all the implements necessary for an ascent of the Jungfrau.

When we came back from our walk this morning, we beheld a big muscular young man dressed in a gray Norfolk jacket, gray golf trousers and leggings, and carrying on his back an ice axe and a coil of rope, while he held an alpen-stock in his hand. A green felt hat completed the picture. Of course it was Jack. At the sight of him I laughed so loud that I attracted the attention of several guests, who were not long in sizing up the situation and appreciating the joke. When Mrs. Lawlor came down from her room and caught sight of her son she did not seem pleased. "You surely are not going out in that costume?" she protested to Jack. "I surely am. I'll make these Alpine folks sit up and take notice."

After breakfast we started in to get some information relative to climbing the mountains.

There are two here that are accessible, the Rigi and Pilatus. As we only had one day to remain, we chose the ascent of Pilatus because it is the loftier of the two.

We took the Brunig Railway from Lucerne to a little village called Alpnachstad. Here we alighted and found a car on the funicular railway waiting for us. This is my second experience in funicular railways. There is one, as you know, at Mount Washington in the White Mountains on which I have ridden.

The ascent to Mount Pilatus is very steep. At times it gives you a shiver. At the terminus of the road, there is a hotel called Pilatus Kulm. From here we started on a walk of over half an hour to the top of the mountain. As we passed along we saw snow a little below us that had remained there since last winter. We could hear the tinkling of the bells on the cattle grazing on the mountain slopes. It is a glorious sight when you reach the top. All about and above us we could see the clouds rolling down from higher snow-clad mountains. When the clouds would disappear and the sun burst forth then the snow and ice would shine radiantly and beautifully in the golden sunlight. It must be a wonderful undertaking to climb the highest mountains in the Alps! We spent about an hour viewing the

mountains and looking down upon Lake Lucerne some thousands of feet below. The different views of the lake are charming. We had a chat with a gentleman who had walked up in the morning to the top of Mount Pilatus.

We began to feel rather chilly and made our way back to the hotel, where hot soup was very satisfying after the cold air on the mountain top. When we got back to Alpnachstad, we found a boat there and returned to Lucerne over the lake, stopping at a number of villages on the way and picking up tourists at every place.

We certainly had a glorious day. If the "loud laugh speaks the vacant mind," I have a very vacant mind. Jack's costume was a source of continual merriment. Wherever we went he was the "cynosure of many eyes." All along the way people stopped to look at him. Some opened their eyes in amazement while others giggled. Jack kept a sober face all day. When we came back to the hotel in the evening a great crowd was assembled and a band was playing. As soon as Jack came in sight the crowd became interested, and some one must have spoken to the band leader, for when we arrived on the lawn in front of the hotel, the band struck up a triumphant march and the people

assembled about applauded. When Mrs. Lawlor realized what was taking place she refused to go any further, and sat down on a nearby bench. We stayed with her but Jack was not at all abashed. He marched boldly up to the entrance of the hotel while the band played and the guests cheered. When things had quieted down we followed Jack into the hotel. We certainly did enjoy ourselves this day.

I almost forgot to mention that the southern arm of Lake Lucerne, called Lake Uri, is closely identified with the legend of William Tell, whom Schiller has immortalized. Some German authority, I believe, has now proved that William Tell never existed, but that does not go in Switzerland.

To-morrow we leave here for the Italian Lakes. The railroad which goes through St. Gotthard Pass will bring us into many tunnels which, no doubt, will be rather disagreeable. We are not, however, appalled at the thought of any inconvenience, because "beyond the Alps lies Italy."

BELLAGIO

COMO.

We are stopping at the Hotel Plinius. Do you notice the Latin flavor of its name? Como is the birthplace of the elder Pliny and Pliny jr., two famous Romans who lived in the beginning of the Christian era. They were not Christians themselves, but statues have been erected to them at the sides of the portal of the cathedral, and the hotel is called after them, for Como is very proud of her two great sons.

Alessandro Volta, the great electrician, was also born here. Of course, in America we think that Edison discovered electricity and knows more about it than all the rest of the world, but they have different ideas in Como. The word "volt," if you stop to think, is derived from the name Volta.

I don't know that we exactly enjoyed our experience coming through St. Gotthard's tunnel and the others, but it was not so bad as I had expected. The St. Gotthard's tunnel is a circular one that not only runs through the mountain but up into it, so that after you come out

on the other side, you are on the top of the mountain. Fresh air is supplied through this particular tunnel by some means, so we did not suffer any great inconvenience. Some of the other tunnels were much more sooty. It requires two engines to drag the cars through these tunnels. Occasionally an engine breaks down, and it may take half an hour to repair it; this was our experience. You can imagine how disagreeable it is to be stalled in a mountain tunnel for half an hour with the fumes from the engine filling your lungs. A little incident happened while we were thus delayed which is rather pleasant for an American to record. After we had been stalled for about a quarter of an hour, the thick atmosphere naturally caused some suffering, and a number of people were complaining and getting nervous. There was an occasional shout by a conductor, a hurrying of feet, and other little indications of trouble. In one of the cars there was a party of Americans. Just as the delay was getting on everybody's nerves, a chorus of voices in the smoke-laden atmosphere sang out gaily, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave." Everybody laughed, the trainmen applauded, and fear and nervousness disappeared.

The trip across the Alps when we were not in

tunnels was most delightful. We were up among the glaciers and snow-capped mountains, in the peace and quiet of the high Alps. It must be a great pleasure to come over these mountains in a carriage. We passed several parties travelling that way. Of course, it takes a little longer, but one gets a chance to view the scenery much better. One does not have to hurry so rapidly past the deep gorges, the brawling streams, the pleasant mountain slopes, the sunlit meadows, the picturesque chalets, and the thousand things of beauty which every turn in the road brings to view.

Florence, you and I will come over here some time, and we will spend days, I hope, when now a few hours must suffice. We both have had the experience of leaving New York snow bound, and the next day passing below the snow line, through Savannah, Jacksonville and St. Augustine, to the semi-tropical seashore at Palm Beach, and it has been a most delightful change; but the trip down the Alps is more novel, because it is more sudden. In a few hours you have come from the region of perpetual snow and frosty air to vineyards and gardens, hot sunshine and the soft summer winds of the southland. It is a great change, and you are among a new people. The men are dressed in

greenish suits with green Alpine hats, the same as they are across the Alps, but they are Italian in appearance and speak Italian. These are the Italian Swiss.

We passed through Bellinzona and Lugano, which latter town is prettily situated on Lake Lugano, one of the Italian lakes. Our next stop was at Chiasso, which is the last Swiss village before one enters Italy. There is a custom-house here. Of course, we had to leave the train and wait for half an hour while the Italian customhouse inspectors examined our baggage to see if we were trying to smuggle anything contraband into Italy.

After we left Chiasso we went through another tunnel and finally arrived at the town of Como on the south end of Lake Como. This is an old Roman town and has an ancient look about it. We visited the marble cathedral, which is a great edifice. I did not expect to find such a splendid cathedral in a little town like this.

The funicular railroad makes a thread of light at night up the side of the mountain, from the top of which the view, I understand, by daylight is very beautiful.

It would be hard to say which is the loveliest of the three great lakes, Maggiore, Lugano or Como. There are different opinions, though I

think the majority favor Como. The old Romans called this lake, Lacus Larius, and Virgil wrote of its beauty. It certainly has a charm all its own.

I can readily understand why Italians should be artistic in their tastes and produce such beautiful coloring in their pictures. The scenery of Lake Como is an inspiration. I just don't know anything I have ever seen that is more picturesque. Lake Lucerne, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, wind swept and brilliant in the sunshine, is a majestic sight, but Lake Como, lying snugly at the foothills of the Alps, is bewitchingly beautiful. It is enclosed by high mountains, and its shores are dotted with pretty villages. The pink, white and blue houses, with green backgrounds of foliage, the charming villas on the slopes of the hills, the campaniles of the churches, the fishermen drying their nets on the shore, the little children playing in boats, and the roses running riot over the walls, produce pictures in one's mind that will be a joy forever. Longfellow has thus recorded the charm of this beautiful lake:

"No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
The silence of the summer day
As by the loveliest of all lakes,
I while the idle hours away."

We certainly did enjoy the sail we had on the lake. At the little town of Cernobbio is the Villa d'Este, which is now a hotel. In the beginning of the last century the unfortunate Caroline, wife of George IV of England, lived in it.

We intended to get off at Bellagio, but by an error we left the steamer at Cadenabbia. Jack hired a boatman to row us over the lake to Bellagio, but after we had consulted a little while we concluded we did not have time, so we contented ourselves by remaining at Cadenabbia, though it was hard to give up a nearer view of Bellagio nestling along the shore of the lake and protected by a promontory that serves as a beautiful background. Both Bellagio and Cadenabbia are filled with English and Americans. These two places have long been the resort of English tourists. Not so many come now as formerly, and I believe the automobile is the reason for this falling off. Englishmen now buy a motor car and take their families motoring instead of spending their money on a trip to the Italian lakes. Bellagio and Cadenabbia are restful spots for a summer vacation.

At Bellagio, Lake Como separates, the eastern part of it becoming Lake Lecco. It was in the town of Lecco on this lake that Man-

zoni laid the plot of "I Promessi Sposi," his novel which has been translated into English under the name of the "Betrothed." This story made Manzoni so famous that when he died he received in Milan a public funeral, for which Verdi composed his now famous requiem.

After we had taken lunch at the hotel, which was filled with English people, we made a visit to the Villa Carlotta, which is the property of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. This villa contains sculptures by Canova and Thorwaldsen. In the middle hall near the entrance is Canova's well-known Cupid and Psyche, and the walls of this hall are covered with Thorwaldsen's reliefs, entitled the "Triumphs of Alexander," showing his entry into Babylon. There are other pieces of sculpture by Canova.

The guide brought us out into a pretty garden adjoining the villa, where we saw many tropical plants that we had never seen before and a trellis walk of linden trees. It was a very beautiful garden, and I can readily believe, as it is said, that the nightingales have chosen it for their nests.

Shortly after our visit to the villa, the steamboat returned from Bellagio, and we got on board for Como. Italian people have a peculiar way of bidding each other good-bye. I noticed

it this morning on our way from Como. Instead of waving the hand as a farewell they pull the fingers of the hand towards themselves. They certainly can express a lot of affection by this movement of their finger tips. All along the lake we were amused and interested watching the farewell salutes of mothers to their children, of friends to friends, of fiancé to fiancée. When the boat stopped at one of the villages Jack disappeared, and when we next saw him he was standing on the quay, and, after attracting our attention, he and I bid each other many farewells in the Italian fashion.

It is hard to leave Lake Como with its nightingales, its moonlight, and its pleasant summer evenings, but there are so many things we wish to see that we must unwillingly tear ourselves away. Having seen Lake Como I understand better the verse of Byron:

> "Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
> The fatal gift of beauty!"

Upon our return to the hotel we had to get ready immediately to catch the train for Milan.

THE DUOMO

MILAN.

To use Jack's expressive language, "we blew into this town" last night about seven o'clock. It was after business hours, and the quiet streets reminded me of the silence of our own in the financial district at evening time.

This is a smart-looking city. I met a young American girl here who said she was disappointed in finding the people in Europe so up to date. She expected that they would be more old-fashioned and archaic. "Of course," she confided to me, "everything they know they learned from us." Isn't that delightfully American? We are credited on this side of the water with just such sentiments.

The first place we visited this morning was, as you may guess, the grand Gothic cathedral, which is built of white marble and has in the neighborhood of two thousand life-sized statues on its exterior walls. We heard an early mass in the crypt of the cathedral, which was celebrated over the body of St. Charles Borromeo, which

is enclosed in a silver sarcophagus. After mass the sacristan allowed us to come up to the altar and view the body of the saint.

Afterwards we walked up the spiral staircase to the roof. I can assure you it is a most tiresome climb, but when we reached the top we were rewarded with a magnificent view of the city of Milan with its tile-covered houses, of the surrounding country, and of the distant Alps. The roof of the cathedral serves as a picnic ground for the Italian peasantry. They come in from the country, make the ascent to the top of the cathedral and then eat their dinner there. We saw a number of families dining in this *al fresco* fashion.

Within the cathedral itself is a statue of St. Bartholomew who was flayed alive. He is represented with the skin of his body hanging over his shoulder. It does not make a very beautiful statue, as you may imagine. Some sculptors are very anxious to show their anatomical knowledge.

I drifted into the cathedral just before dinner this evening. The sunlight was pouring in a golden flood through a window, and the cathedral was radiantly beautiful. I was so glad that I chanced in just then. It seems to me that in such visits one catches better the beauty of

things. The first time you go, you see so much that the mind becomes fatigued and much of the loveliness is lost. In little casual visits you are apt suddenly to realize the charm which before had escaped you.

Opposite the cathedral is the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the finest arcade I have ever seen. The roof is of glass, so that it is as lightsome as the street in the daytime. It is in the shape of a cross and is filled with shops and restaurants.

It happened last evening as we were out taking a walk that it began to rain very hard, and we fled for shelter to the Galleria and spent half an hour very pleasantly looking into the shop windows. The place was crowded with a great number of people walking up and down and chatting, and the shops and restaurants seemed to be doing a good business.

We visited to-day the Theatre La Scala, built in 1778. I thought it somewhat dingy. One of the attachés brought us through the theatre and behind the scenes. The stage is very large. He made some remark about the size of the theatre and Jack took him up and said he thought that the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was larger. The man turned to Jack with a little bow and replied that he had said that La Scala was the largest opera house

in Europe. Jack being thus sat upon didn't venture any more opinions.

Each opera box has a lady's room attached, where "my lady" can put the finishing touches to her toilet. The furnishings of these boxes and little rooms are rather old and shabby.

Everything in this town seems to radiate from the cathedral, or the "Duomo," as it is called. All the trolley cars start from in front of the cathedral, and it is the centre of the city's life.

Next to the Duomo the most interesting church we saw was that of St. Ambrose, founded in the fourth century, but the present structure is of the twelfth. St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine in the first church erected here. In the crypt are the remains of St. Ambrose and of SS. Gervase and Protase. It was in this church that the Lombard kings received the iron crown.

In the refectory of the monastery belonging to the Church of St. Maria della Grazie is Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture of the "Last Supper." The painting is on the wall, and on one occasion, when soldiers were encamped here they cut a door through the middle of the wall, thus marring the beauty of the painting. Of course, time has dealt roughly with this celebrated picture and the beauty of the coloring has

been to a great extent destroyed. I believe it has been touched up many times.

From Milan we took a trip to Monza, where King Humbert was killed by an anarchist, and where there is a royal palace which is not in use and which was closed.

We engaged a carriage for a drive through a park, but as it was uninteresting we soon grew tired and came back to Milan.

To-morrow we start for beautiful Venice, "the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

VENICE.

On our way from Milan to Venice we came through the city of Verona, made famous by Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

This is the town, as you no doubt know, where the Montagues and Capulets lived.

Later we passed through Padua, the city of St. Anthony and of the learned Portia.

I was a little disappointed on entering Venice. We ran into a railway station, as we would have done in any city. I expected something different. For a moment I thought it wasn't Venice, but we were soon assured that we had arrived at Venezia.

While on the train Jack had been selecting a hotel from the list given by Baedeker, and he concluded that we would stop at the Hotel Royal Danieli, which was formerly an old palace. When we announced where we were going to stay, several porters gathered about us, took our valises and escorted us into a black gondola. We had to wait a little while before they were able to get our trunks, during which time we

VENICIAN STREET SCENE

were amused by the excitement and shouts of the gondoliers. Finally we got under way, the gondoliers standing up, one in the front and the other in the back of the boat, pushing it along very dexterously. Whenever they came to a corner, one of them shouted out to warn any other gondolier who might be coming the opposite way.

We shot along through a number of watery streets until we came to a halt at the side of the hotel, which is right on the water's edge. We were ushered into the office, which didn't look so much like an office as it did like a room in an ancient palace.

It is quite the cutest-looking hotel I have ever stopped at. It is situated on the Riva degli Schiavoni, overlooking the lagoon. I call it "cute," because I don't know whether it is Romanesque, Byzantine or Gothic, so "cute" is such a safe word to use. It certainly has an Oriental flavor. I am awfully sorry that I brought so much ignorance with me to Europe. I hope some day to be able to state the difference between Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic and Renaissance styles of architecture.

While we were waiting to be assigned to our rooms, I noticed Jack laughing, and when I inquired the cause, Jack replied, "What do you

know about my 'Lady Nicotine?' " and directed my eyes to a young woman who was sitting in a corner of the room quietly smoking a cigarette. She didn't seem to attract any attention. Mrs. Lawlor was shocked. She had never seen a woman smoke before. For that matter I never did either, though I had heard such things were not uncommon in English women's clubs and on the Continent.

This hotel is situated in about the busiest part of Venice, and we have pleasant rooms looking out on the lagoon.

The first place we visited, which is quite near our hotel, was the Cathedral of St. Mark on the Piazza of St. Mark. How shall I describe this magnificent church? Its exterior in brilliant mosaics is like what you might expect to find in the rich interior of some grand cathedral. Owing to the fact that the Venetians were a commercial race and great travellers in the East, it is natural that there should be a touch of Oriental splendor in their architecture. Though there is a mixture of styles in its construction, the whole edifice is harmonious. It has five entrances on the side facing the piazza. One of the mosaics on the façade portrays the fact that the body of St. Mark was smuggled from the Turks through their custom-house between two

pieces of pork. The Turks consider pork unclean meat, and they, therefore, did not examine it.

Over the principal entrance are the ancient bronze horses which Napoleon I took to France, and which were afterwards restored to Venice. A marble balcony extends along the front of the church, and above it are other beautiful mosaics, so you may imagine it is a glorious façade. The central doorway is supported by marble columns like the others, and over it is a beautiful mosaic of the Last Judgment.

There are no paintings in the interior of St. Mark's. All the pictures are mosaics, and the pavement, too, is made of marble mosaics now somewhat worn and uneven. The interior has been described as "a golden cavern encrusted with precious stones, at once splendid and sombre, sparkling and mysterious." Behind the high altar is another altar which has four alabaster columns, two of which belonged to Solomon's temple. The high altar is over the tomb of St. Mark, and has a wonderful canopy of Verde Antico.

We fed the pigeons in front of the church. Little bags of corn are for sale, and when you scatter the corn, the birds fly over to you. They are very tame and will rest on your hand while

eating. These pigeons have been fed on this piazza for upwards of seven hundred years. Of course, I don't mean that they are the same pigeons.

On the piazzetta, which is next to the piazza of St. Mark, is the Palace of the Doges, founded in the ninth century. This palace contains many beautiful paintings by Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto and others. One painting by Tintoretto called "Paradise" is the largest oil painting in the world. The exterior is a pointed arcade or loggia of Gothic design. The Giants' Staircase, leading from the courtyard to the palace, is richly decorated and takes its name from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, which are the work of Sansovino.

The Palace of the Doges connects with the Ponte dei Sospiri, the Bridge of Sighs, over which condemned prisoners went from the Palace of the Doges to the prison. Do you remember the opening lines of the fourth canto in "Childe Harold?"

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
> A palace and a prison on each hand,
> I saw from out the wave her structures rise
> As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

The guide showed us a hole in the wall

through which he said the head of one who was executed was thrown into the canal.

Near the lagoon are two columns, on one of which is the winged lion of St. Mark, and on the other a figure of St. Theodore on the back of a crocodile.

We got into a gondola and crossed the Grand Canal to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. This church was erected in the early part of the seventeenth century as a memorial after an awful plague. It is a splendid church, and on the high altar there is a marble group depicting the Blessed Virgin driving away the plague.

From here the gondoliers took us to a little island in the Lagoon, called the Isle of St. George, where we visited the Church of St. Giorgio Maggiore. Among a number of things which are noteworthy in the interior of this church are the choir stalls. These are made of wood, hand carved, and the handsomest I have ever seen. They certainly were grand artificers during the Renaissance.

While on the Grand Canal, the gondolier pointed out to us the palace in which Robert Browning died, and the house of Desdemona, who met such an untimely death at the hands of Othello.

We visited another church later in the day,

but I don't recollect the name of it. It also had what were once beautiful choir stalls, but the fine carving was cut and scratched. Our guide told us that it was the custom in early days to allow the people to sit in these stalls, and children, and perhaps grown-up vandals, had greatly marred the beauty of the splendid carving.

There is one reason why I shall always regret not having come to Venice before July 14, 1902, for, on that date, the famous Campanile fell to the ground. Workmen are engaged, at present, in building a new one.

We visited one of the famous glass factories, in which we saw some beautiful designs in glass mosaics.

Yesterday afternoon, a little tired of sightseeing, we were recommended to take a trip to the Lido. We got on a small steamboat which took us over the Lagoon, where we found a trolley car. This brought us across a small stretch of country to the Lido, which term means a sand hill. It is situated on the Adriatic Sea and is the Coney Island of Venice, minus the side shows. The beach was crowded with bathers, and Jack and I had our first dip in the Adriatic. The water was delightful and sharpened our appetites. After our bath we had about as tasty a lunch at one of the restaurants

as I ever ate. We spent the rest of the afternoon on the shore of the Adriatic filling our lungs with the salt air of the briny deep, and returned in the evening much refreshed.

THE LAGOON AND THE GRAND CANAL.

While in Milan Jack got talking with the hotel clerk about Venice, and the clerk told him that while Venice was pretty, it was not a good place for people to live who were troubled with indigestion. The reason he gave was that there was not sufficient space for walking, and so one did not get enough exercise. I suppose there might be something in that, but I know I will leave here with regret. If I could I would stay longer and take a chance on the indigestion.

I would like to spend my mornings in the cool churches and art galleries, my afternoons at the Lido, and my evenings on the Grand Canal and on the Lagoon, and thus "fleet the time merrily as they do in the golden world."

I wish I could describe to you the unique beauty of Venice at sunset and under the silver moon. One feels its artistic loveliness, but one is not able to catch it and transfer it to paper. I have often heard a song at an opera, and on my way home I could hum the tune to myself, and yet I was utterly unable to hold the air if I sang it out loud. I feel the same way about

MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAND CANAL

Venice. Beautiful vistas strike me at every turn, but to paint their beauty in words quite escapes me.

Last evening we hired a gondola and passed the time on the Lagoon. Singers with fairly good voices entertain at different places on small barges hung with lanterns. Our gondolier rowed us around to hear all of them. We were regaled with selections from the operas and other tuneful Italian songs. The most popular air, if one is to judge from the applause of the gondoliers, is the "Toreador" song from "Carmen." The gondolas are drawn up closely to the performers, and the singing sounds sweetly on the water. Gondolas are coming and going all the time. After you have heard the repetoire of one company and given up a number of small coins, your gondolier disentangles his boat and goes to where another company of performers are entertaining. Thus you can spend a pleasant evening, lying off on the cushions of your gondola and listening to tuneful melodies. And how beautiful the scene is! The moonbeams fall softly over Venice and silver the majestic dome of Santa Maria della Salute across the Grand Canal. In the distance the tower of the Church of St. George stands out against the sky, the wraith of a gondola glides along, and the quiet

lagoon stretches out everywhere. I think I could lie back on the cushions and drift on under the light of the silvery moon in languorous repose "forever and a day."

After we came back from the lagoon we went to Florian's, the oldest café in Europe, and sipped cold drinks and watched the crowds.

This afternoon, when we were out sightseeing, we noticed a painter sketching the Rialto, the famous bridge, which is now occupied by little shops. I wonder how often that beautiful arch has been painted!

We visited the market, which was filled with fresh vegetables and delicious peaches, quite as good as any I ever tasted. I have eaten fresh figs, but somehow I do not seem to acquire a taste for them. When we arrived at the market an old man caught our gondola with a hook and held it for us to alight. Jack gave him some copper coins. Whenever your gondola is brought to a stop at the side of the canal, there is sure to be some one with a hook to hold it, so that you can alight in safety.

Speaking of gondolas, reminds me to tell you that they are all painted black. It seems this is because of an unbroken custom or law. At one time they were all colors and very beautiful, but this caused so much rivalry and such a waste

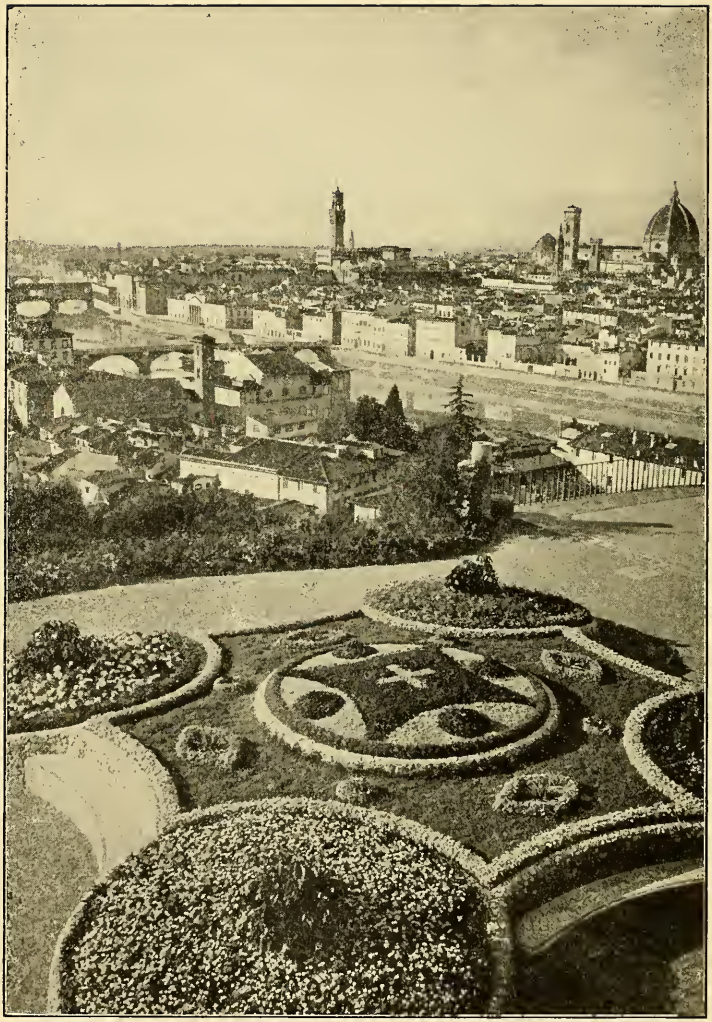
of money, that a law was made or a custom grew up fixing black as the color for all gondolas. No doubt this is a sensible rule, just as in convents the girls are dressed in black, so that there will be no rivalry in dress. But, oh, for a golden gondola on a silver lagoon! It would be, as the Bible says, "like apples of gold on beds of silver."

Our guide pointed out to us a room in a small house supposed to have been occupied by Shylock. He did not insist that this was certain. It was evening and the sun was setting as we came back along the Grand Canal and through numerous little canals where we caught glimpses of gardens running down to the water's edge and balconies leaning out over the water. Venice is filled with these charming little views which have delighted the soul of painters for many centuries.

It must have been interesting to have been here during carnival time in olden days. The town must have been a merry one. There is a good story told of a Turkish sailor who had been to Venice during the carnival. He informed his friends on his return to his country that the Venetians were all crazy when he arrived in Venice, but that they discovered one day a gray powder which, when it was placed upon their

heads, instantly cured them of their madness. Of course he referred to the ashes used on Ash Wednesday, which is the end of carnival time. After seeing the Italian lakes and Venice, I can understand why Browning wrote:

> "Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it 'Italy.'"



FLORENCE

FLORENCE.

We took our travelling bags and left Venice with great regret. Our journey brought us through Bologna, which has a famous old university, and through Pistoia, from which we get the word pistol, so I was informed. We are in Florence, stopping at the Grand Hotel Baglione on the Via dei Panzani near the Piazza S. Maria Novella.

We found the railroad journey rather disagreeable and dirty between Venice and Florence. We had to pass through a number of tunnels and the train was so crowded that we were packed like sardines. Railway travelling here is not quite so pleasant as it is at home. I don't think I should care to spend a night on the train. Just before we arrived at Florence, I noticed one of the porters getting the berths ready for those who were going farther south. I was glad that I did not have to spend the night on a *wagon lit.*

Florence, called "La Bella," was at one time the artistic centre of the world, but when the Popes invited the great artists to come to Rome,

Florence's light was somewhat dimmed. It is the city of the great Medici family and also of Savonarola. I recall these facts to your memory lest you may have forgotten them. In the hotel I picked up a copy of Tauchnitz's edition of George Eliot's "Romola," and read with interest the preface which gives a description of Florence in the times of Savonarola.

Jack made the acquaintance of a Mr. Preston Powers, who, I believe, was born here of American parents, and whose father, a sculptor, is famous for his statue of the "Greek Slave." Jack became very friendly with him and several times on our sight-seeing trips he accompanied us. He is an artist himself and, therefore, it was very delightful to have him with us.

We visited the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, which is wonderfully large. You realize that as soon as you enter it. The dome is higher than that of St. Peter's at Rome, and is the work of the celebrated architect Brunelleschi, who built it without any supports. The terrace around the dome has never been completed. It is stated that Pius IX on visiting the Duomo of Florence said: "In St. Peter's, man thinks; in Santa Maria del Fiore, man prays."

After viewing the cathedral we were conducted by Mr. Powers to the Campanile, con-

sidered by many to be the most beautiful tower in the world. It was built by Giotto. This bell-tower is encased in marbles of various colors.

The Baptistery, or the Church of St. John the Baptist, which we next visited, has three celebrated bronze doors: one by Andrea Pisano and the other two by Lorenzo Ghiberti. They are the most wonderful bronze doors ever executed, and are certainly very beautiful. We spent some time examining them, Mr. Powers pointing out their excellent workmanship. Michael Angelo said, "They were fit to serve as the gates of Paradise." The door by Andrea Pisano depicts scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, and the other two, scenes from the life of our Lord and from the Old Testament.

Mr. Powers told us that it was a law of the city that all children must be baptized in this baptistery, and, in this way, the city has a record which it uses to corral young men for the army.

From the Baptistery Mr. Powers suggested that we go to the Uffizi Gallery. We missed visiting the Church of Or San Michele, which originally served as a corn market. On our way to the gallery we came to the Loggia dei Lanzi, an arcade containing celebrated statues, and the Palazzo Vecchio, which is now used as a town

hall. Near it is a bronze slab marking the spot on which Savonarola was burned.

A little later we came to the Uffizi Gallery in the Palazzo degli Uffizi. We spent several delightful hours in this gallery, and the comments of Mr. Powers were both interesting and illuminating. There are some famous pieces of sculpture, the most celebrated of all being probably "The Venus de Medici," of which Nathaniel Hawthorne has written so much in his "Italian Notes." In the Tribuna of the gallery we saw Raphael's well-known picture, "The Madonna of the Gold Finch." Mr. Powers showed us a painting done in distemper, a preparation which was used by early painters before the use of oil was discovered.

The Uffizi Gallery is filled with so many beautiful pictures that one would need to come several times in order to get any adequate idea of them. When you leave this gallery your mind is somewhat confused by all the names of the great painters of whom you have so often heard.

We saw many beautiful Madonnas by Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolommeo, Filippino Lippi, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Fra Angelico and others. We also saw Titian's painting, the so-called "Flora," of which much has been written.

At Mr. Powers' suggestion, after leaving the

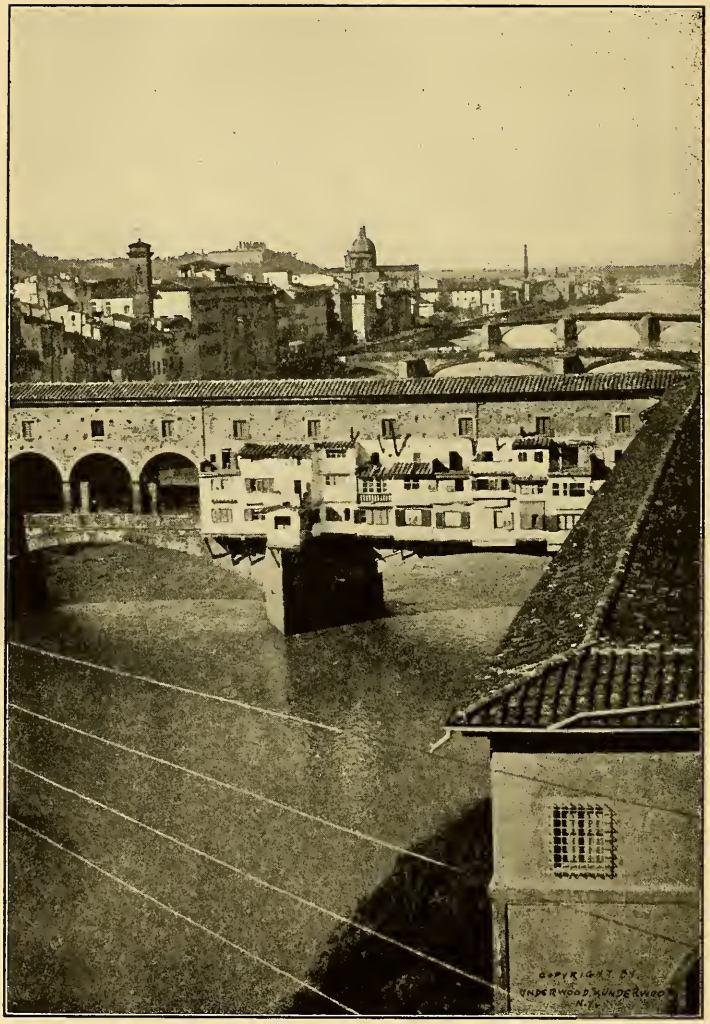
Uffizi Gallery, we took a carriage ride up a hilly road, called the Viale dei Colli. It was a beautiful drive with many fine views. On the way we met an old monk in a ramshackle wagon drawn by a little jackass, slowly going home to his monastery. While we were driving along Mr. Powers told us a story which has been current in Florence for many a day. A young woman was forced by her parents against her will to marry a man whom she did not love. She was, in fact, in love with another. Sometime after she was married, she apparently died and her body was placed in a tomb. During the night she recovered from the trance and managed to get out of the coffin and make her way back to her husband's house. She rang the bell, and when he looked out of the window and saw her, he thought it was her ghost and he told her to go away and not worry him. She did not wish to go back to her mother, so she turned her steps to the home of the young man she loved. She rang the bell and his mother recognizing her received her gladly. She refused to go back any more to her husband's house, and it was decided that, as death dissolves marriage, she was now a free woman and could marry the young man of her choice. It is a very interesting story, isn't it?

We finally came to the Piazzale Michelangelo, from which we had a splendid view of Florence and the surrounding country. On the top of the hill there is a giant bronze replica of the statue of David by Michael Angelo, the original of which is in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence.

We were pestered here by boys offering post cards for sale. These boys are certainly a nuisance because they are so persistent. One young lad asked Jack if he would have some soda water, and before Jack could consult our wishes, the boy had four bottles opened. Jack smiled, and remarked that the descendants of Michael Angelo were good business people.

From this terrace we could see the Church of Santa Croce, the Duomo, the Church of San Lorenzo and many others. To the north, Mr. Powers called our attention to the old Etruscan city of Fiesole, which was a thriving town long before the Christian era. Fra Angelico lived there for a while, and it was the home of another famous painter, Mina de Fiesole.

On our way home Mr. Powers said he hoped to be able to accompany us to the Pitti Palace, the other famous picture gallery in Florence, which we intend to visit to-morrow.



THE PONTE VECCHIO

THE PITTI PALACE

Mr. Powers joined us this morning and we started across the Ponte Vecchio for the Palazzo Pitti, which is on the slope of a hill near a park called the Boboli Gardens.

The Pitti Palace contains one picture which would make it famous even if it contained no other, Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," the most popular of all the Madonnas. Here also is Raphael's "Madonna Granduca." I remarked to Mr. Powers that the "Madonna della Sedia" was the most beautiful of all the Madonnas, but he said that he did not think so, and called my attention to a Madonna on the opposite wall, which he thought surpassed it. I cannot remember now whose painting it was. He said, too, that the Sistine Madonna at Dresden was the greatest of all. Titian's "Magdalen" is also in the Pitti Palace.

We saw many famous masterpieces, "The Concert," supposed to be painted by Giorgione, "Pope Leo and two Cardinals," by Raphael, and the "Hay Harvest" by Rubens, being among the most notable. Andrea del Sarto,

Fra Bartolommeo, and many other well-known painters are also represented.

Near the Pitti Palace Mr. Powers showed us Casa Guidi, which was the residence of Robert Browning and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Mr. Powers said that when he was a boy he often went with his father to call upon the Brownings.

Florence is certainly an artistic treasure house, and I wish that I had more time to spend here, but the Eternal City is only a few hours away and we have decided to start in the morning.

Along the line of the railroad, not far from Florence, is Vallombrosa. I had hoped to stop there for a day, but, as our time is limited, I gave up the idea. Perhaps it was better so. Vallombrosa has been my "Arcady" and "Chateau en Espagne." When I was at school, I came across the expression from Milton, "Thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." I fell in love with the name. You have heard the story of the old lady who regretted hearing of her minister's death, because she said she knew that they would never get another minister who could say "Mesopotamia" as he did. I too was charmed with the high-sounding roll of Vallombrosa, and it became to me, and has always remained, my ideal spot in this vale

of tears. I imagined it a beautiful country, with gardens and woodlands, watered by pleasant streams, its gardens containing graceful marble statues, and the warm sunshine filling the whole place. I am sure that the real Vallombrosa would never have come up to my expectations, so perhaps it is just as well that we should hurry on to Rome.

Jack told us of an incident that occurred early this morning. He awoke to find a man stooping under his bed. Immediately he grappled with him, and as Jack is a big fellow and the intruder was small, the struggle did not last long. Luckily the stranger spoke English and explained to Jack when he recovered from his fright that he was the porter, and was looking under the bed for Jack's shoes, which he forgot to leave out the night before to be polished. Jack recognized him and felt very sorry for the mistake. They had a good laugh over it. The servants are very simple and honest in the hotels. It is true they look eagerly for tips, but their honesty helps to make one be patient with that defect.

ST. PETER'S.

A muddy stream that we passed before we reached Rome we discovered to be the Tiber, that "snake of gold" that runs through Rome as the Seine flows through Paris.

We are stopping at the Hotel Moderne because it is near the American College, where we are to meet Monsignor Kennedy, who is to procure us an audience with the Holy Father. The first visit we made was to St. Peter's. We crossed over the bridge of St. Angelo, which is flanked by ten large statues of angels. This bridge leads to the Castle of St. Angelo. The Emperor Hadrian built this for a tomb, and it was used for a resting place for his ashes and for those of succeeding emperors. It is an immense circular building, and a figure of St. Michael the Archangel now surmounts it. Hadrian's tomb in the course of time was converted into a fortress and a prison. Beatrice Cenci and Benvenuto Cellini, the famous artist, were among its prisoners.

A short drive brought us to the Piazza Rusticucci, which leads to the Piazza of St. Peter.

INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S

This latter piazza is enclosed by Bernini's beautiful colonnade of almost three hundred Doric columns, which are placed in rows of four and surmounted by many statues. In the centre of the piazza is an obelisk, on either side of which is a fountain.

I believe it is an accepted fact that the façade of St. Peter's is not a success. It hides Michael Angelo's wonderful dome which crowns the basilica, and which is visible for miles before you reach Rome.

Instead of doors at the entrance there are leather curtains. When you pass through these you find yourself in a beautiful, lightsome cathedral. On the polished pavement is marked the length of other great cathedrals, and thus you can compare them with St. Peter's and see that its nave is the longest in the world. St. Peter's took more than two hundred years to build, and cost more than sixty millions of dollars. Wonderful architects like Bramante, Michael Angelo, Bernini and Raphael did their best to make it beautiful. It is not surprising, therefore, that a wonderful church should be the result of such great efforts.

The high altar is under the dome, where the Pope alone celebrates mass on grand festivals, and, on such occasions, he is turned towards the

congregation. Before the altar are many lamps which are kept constantly burning. Over it is a canopy of gilded bronze supported by twisted columns.

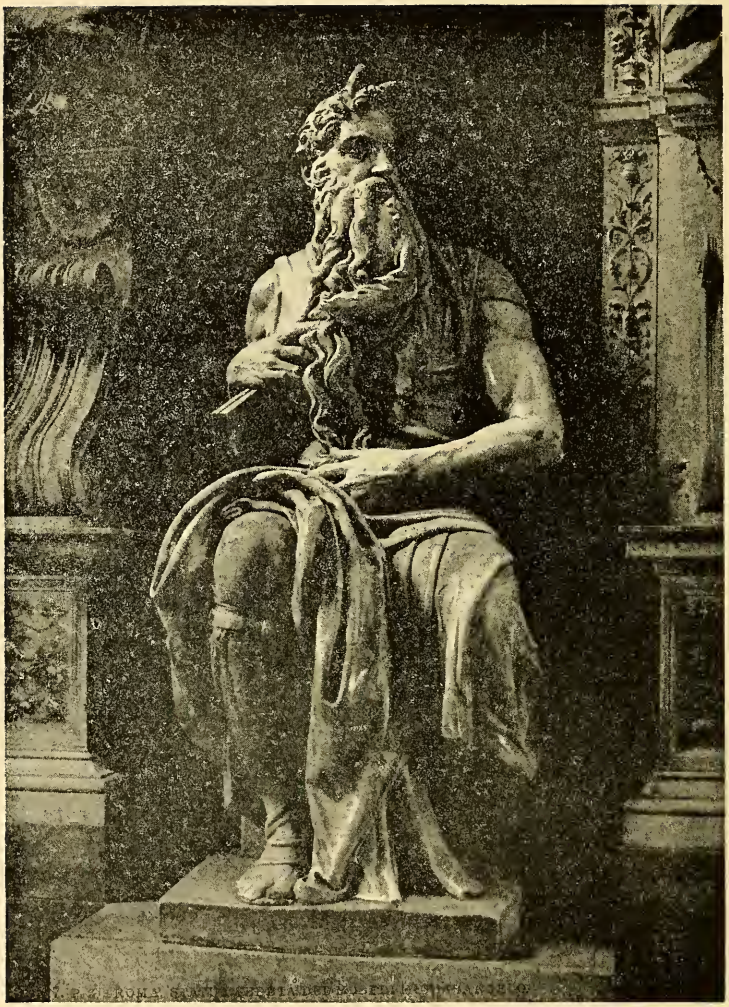
Under the altar is the tomb of St. Peter. We went down a flight of steps to the crypt in which there is a statue of Pius VI, by Canova. It is a beautiful statue, and the expression of the countenance is heavenly. The delicate ornamentation on the cope in which the Pope is clad attracts one's attention. It is wonderful that dull cold marble can be so exquisitely chiselled.

The statue of St. Peter seated on a chair is quite colossal. Protestants say that this was formerly a statue of Jupiter and was then transformed into one of St. Peter. This assertion, which I have often seen in print, is wrong. It is a work of the fifth century.

We saw the chair of St. Peter, or rather, Bernini's ornamental throne, which encloses it.

In one of the chapels there is a Pietà sculptured by Michael Angelo. The grief depicted on the face of the Blessed Mother holding the body of her Divine Son is very touching.

We saw the tombs of many popes and of others historically famous. There are confessionals where confessions are heard in ten different languages. I know that the English con-



STATUE OF MOSES IN ST. PETER'S

fessor was absent on the occasion of our visit. Our guide pointed out to us the tomb of the "last of the Stuarts," James III, and his sons, one of whom was Cardinal York. This lovely tomb is the work of Canova.

The interior of the greatest church in Christendom is as bright, beautiful and clean as if it were built but yesterday. It is kept in excellent condition. Away up in the dome we saw a man swinging on a rope, with a brush, cleaning the walls. The sight made me positively dizzy.

It is a strange thing that in summer St. Peter's is cool and in winter it is warm. It has an atmosphere of its own. Julia Ward Howe, while residing in Rome, used to drive to St. Peter's on stormy days in winter, and then take a walk for exercise within the vast cathedral, because the atmosphere was so much better than out of doors. Rather a novel use to make of a Catholic church. There are, of course, no pews in St. Peter's, so one would be able to take a long walk.

Our guide told us that every time he came to the basilica, he saw something new. No doubt it will grow upon us, and as we will be back to hear mass on Sunday, we shall have another chance to see this wonderful cathedral.

There is a splendid view of Rome and of the Campagna from the dome of St. Peter's, and it is possible to get into the interior of the copper ball on the summit, but our guide informed us that unless we got up there before eight o'clock in the morning, we would find it disagreeably hot. As we do not rise very early, I hardly think we will visit the dome.

THE ROMAN FORUM

CAPITOLINE AND ROMAN FORUM.

We have been to the Capitol and to the Roman Forum. We drove down the Corso Umberto, the principal street in Rome, through the Piazza Venezia and around an immense building which is being erected in memory of Victor Emanuel II.

As you come into the Piazza of the Capitol, you see the bronze statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, on horseback, one of the great treasures of Rome.

The museum is the principal attraction on the Capitoline Hill. Some of the statues are very famous. There is, for instance, the one called the "Dying Gladiator," or the "Dying Gaul," made prominent by Byron in "Childe Harold." You remember the lines beginning with:

"I see before me the gladiator lie."

A copy of a satyr by the famous old Grecian sculptor Praxiteles is also in this museum. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote his story of the "Marble Faun" around this statue.

There is one thing very noticeable about many of the statues seen in museums, and that is, no one knows for certain whom they represent.

The Capitoline Venus, as it is called, is a copy of a work by Praxiteles, who wrought in the best days of Grecian art.

On the Capitoline Hill is the Church of Santa Maria in Ara-Coeli. A high flight of steps leads to this beautiful edifice. This is the church in which the "Bambino," a little statue of the Infant Saviour, is treated with so much veneration at Christmas time. Within the Octave of the Epiphany, every afternoon little children recite poems in honor of the "Bambino."

Beneath one of the altars are the remains of St. Helena.

On the south side of the Capitol is the Tarpeian Rock. Now, brush up your knowledge of ancient Roman history, and when we meet we will have a chat about Miss Tarpeia and the rock that is called after her. I believe she sold out Romulus to the Sabines for a gold bracelet she saw on the arm of Tatius, the leader of the Sabines.

At the foot of the Capitoline Hill lies the Roman Forum, the great assemblage of ancient ruins in the very heart of the Eternal City. I cannot express to you the feeling of delight I

experienced as I wandered among these ruins of once beautiful buildings. The Forum remained intact until the seventh century. After that it began gradually to decay, and it was stripped of its marble to build palaces and churches. It then became the quarry of Rome. Afterwards it was called the "Campo Vaccino," for cows used to be sent into it to graze. Perhaps you have seen copies of the beautiful pictures by the French artist Claude and the English artist Turner, representing the Forum as the "Campo Vaccino." It is now under government care and is being gradually excavated under the direction of the famous archæologist, Giacomo Boni, for the treasures that may still be hidden.

The Forum is a wonderful collection of ruined temples, arches and broken columns. We had a guide with us who was the most intelligent we have met. I marvelled "That one small head could carry all he knew." Jack says it is a pity that a man with his knowledge isn't holding down a more lucrative position. He told us that he always acted as guide for the Catholic Pilgrimages to Rome. I wish I could remember half the things he mentioned, but there are so many centuries of life bound up in the Forum that the knowledge one gains in a few hours must necessarily be rather confused and evanes-

cent. It certainly is a palimpsest. I can recall the three beautiful Parian marble columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the single column of Phocus, the eight columns of the Temple of Saturn, and the three columns of the Temple of Vespasian. We saw, too, the rostra where Marc Antony, according to Shakespeare, delivered his great oration to the Roman people:

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

At the rostra, Cicero delivered his orations against Catiline.

We passed the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus and came to the "Lapis Niger," the black stone, which is believed to have been placed over the tomb of Romulus, the founder of Rome. Jack says that the "Lapis Niger" is *some stone.*

Our guide conducted us through ruined basilicas and showed us the home of the vestal virgins who perpetually guarded the sacred fire. These basilicas were law courts and became the model for Christian churches, which, as you know, are frequently called basilicas.

We were much interested in a visit to the Mamertine Prison, over which is built the Church

of St. Joseph. Here St. Peter was imprisoned. I possessed a book when I was young, called the "Victims of the Mamertine," which impressed me very much. The prison contains a spring, which, tradition says, bubbled up miraculously so that St. Peter was able to baptize his jailers.

The guide pointed out to us in the side wall of a church, tombs which had been exposed by recent excavations. The archæologists are finding new things, or, should I say, new old things, every little while.

We walked along the Via Sacra where Horace met the bore Crispinus. Kindly pardon this classic reference, but one cannot help occasionally airing one's knowledge. I am not, however, nearly so learned as the above piece of information might indicate.

There are other things in the Forum Romanum, but as Hamlet said:

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

It is not for the likes of me to attempt to name them all.

I think people who begin their tour of Europe by visiting Rome first make a mistake, as, after one has seen Rome, other ruins and monuments

cannot be so effective. It is better to begin with the ivy-covered ruins of Irish castles and monasteries and gradually work through the Continent to Rome.

THE COLISEUM.

We have passed under two more triumphal arches, the Arch of Titus, built to commemorate his victory over the Jews, and the Arch of Constantine, the best preserved of all the arches in Rome.

We then went to the Coliseum, which was originally called the Flavian Amphitheatre, that wonderful building which had a seating capacity of fifty thousand spectators, and of which Byron says:

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world."

While on our way to the Coliseum, we passed a church to which a number of people were going to make the Stations of the Cross. Our guide informed us that when he was a boy, people used to come in the afternoons to say the Stations in the Coliseum.

This is the most wonderful ruin in the Eternal City. Here Senators and Vestal Virgins looked on while early Christians were being devoured by wild animals. It is terrible to think that hu-

man beings could become so brutal. Awnings supported on masts sheltered the audience from the glare of the sun and from the rain. The arena could be flooded just as they flood the stage of the Hippodrome in New York, and then naval fights would be held. Sometimes the combats in the Coliseum lasted over one hundred days, during which many gladiators were put to death "to make a Roman holiday." I suppose you have heard that quotation before.

The guide we had through the Coliseum did not speak the very best of English, and we had great difficulty in understanding him. If you asked him to repeat anything, he would shout it, and then his English would be still more difficult to comprehend. I found out after I had been with him some hours that I was very tired owing to the fact that I had to pay the strictest attention to understand the kind of English he spoke.

We have visited some other churches in Rome. There are so many it would take weeks to see them all. There are about three hundred and sixty churches in the Eternal City, one for almost every day in the year.

The Dominican Church of St. Clement is one of the oldest churches in Rome, and you feel this as soon as you enter it. The present church of

St. Clement, which dates from the twelfth century is actually built over an earlier church of the fourth century. The choir screen in the upper church was taken from the lower one. I was happy that we saw this church, for it brought back to me very vividly early Christianity.

The Church of St. John Lateran is the mother of all the churches in Rome and in the world. The largest obelisk in existence stands in front of it. The façade of the church is immense, and has five entrances. The interior is very spacious and majestic. The nave is four hundred and twenty-six feet in length, so you can see that it is a great church.

It has some very beautiful mosaics. The new statue of Pope Leo XIII is a splendid piece of work. It shows the old Pope with his hand extended, and it is done so well that you imagine you can almost see the trembling fingers of old age.

There is a graceful cloister attached to the church which was constructed in the thirteenth century. This is the first old cloister I have seen, and it is certainly a charming piece of work.

The Lateran Palace is next to the basilica, and formerly was the residence of the Popes.

We visited the baptistery in which there is an ancient baptismal font of green basalt. The

baptistery possesses a musical door. The guide opened and closed it slowly, and you would imagine while he was doing this that you heard an organ playing.

Across from the church is the Scala Santa, twenty-eight marble steps, taken from the house of Pilate at Jerusalem, which our Lord ascended on his way to be judged by Pilate. They were brought to Rome by the Empress Helena.

It is necessary to go up these stairs on your knees. Jack did not quite understand this, so, after kneeling on one step for a moment, he arose and started for the one above. An Italian woman who was standing near, tugged at his coat and explained to him the necessity of going up the steps on his knees. Jack very dutifully obeyed her, but the incident was so comical that it broke up all our devotion for the first few steps.

The most beautiful church in Rome, according to my guide book, is the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which was formerly called Our Lady of the Snows, because, according to a legend, the Blessed Virgin appeared to Pope Liberius and commanded him to erect a church on the spot where he would find snow on the 5th of August.

The ceiling of the church is gilded with the first gold brought from South America. The

mosaics in this church were executed in about the fifth century. I am not certain, but I believe that they must be the oldest Christian mosaics in Rome.

This church contains a Sistine chapel, but not the famous one, which is in the Vatican. It has been gorgeously restored by Popes Pius IX and Leo XIII, and it is certainly very brilliant. Opposite this is the Borghese chapel with its altar decorated with lapis lazuli. Over the altar is a picture of the Blessed Virgin said to have been painted by St. Luke.

From the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore we went to the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli founded in the fifth century by the Empress Eudoxia to receive the chains which bound St. Peter in prison. The columns in the nave were taken from the Roman baths. We came to this church especially because Michael Angelo's renowned statue of Moses is located here. The figure is a huge one, and the marble beard is considerably more than life size. It is heroic like all of Michael Angelo's work. Jack says he takes off his hat to Michaelangelo Buonarroti. He was an architect, sculptor, painter, poet and many other things too numerous to mention. The guides always refer to him with deep emotion and respect.

THE CATACOMBS.

We have been out along the Appian Way to the catacombs. I felt as though I were going on a pilgrimage. There is a little church there called "Domine, Quo Vadis," and it receives its name from a legend which says that St. Peter, fleeing from Rome, here met our Divine Lord, and St. Peter asked him "Domine, Quo Vadis?" (Lord, whither goest thou?) Our Saviour replied that he was going back to take the place that St. Peter was deserting. When the Apostle heard this, ashamed of himself, he returned to Rome.

We visited the Catacombs of St. Callixtus. A young monk acted as guide and provided us with small tapers by which we lighted our way through the subterranean passages. These catacombs were first used as burial places, but during the persecutions, the Christians lived down here under the earth, and many suffered martyrdom, being pursued through their underground homes and killed.

Along the narrow passages we saw many sepulchres. Occasionally the young monk would

point out a small impression in the earth at the side of a grave. This impression was made by a bottle containing the blood of the martyr who was buried there. In the first centuries the faithful would gather up the blood of the martyrs who fell in the Coliseum and elsewhere, and putting it in bottles place them beside their bodies in the Catacombs.

The body of St. Cecilia was entombed in the Catacombs of St. Callixtus. The remains have since been removed and are now in the Church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere.

On the Appian Way we came upon the tomb of Cecilia Metella. This is an immense circular structure. I believe it is the oldest building in Rome in which marble was used. This Cecilia was the daughter of Metellus Creticus, my guidebook informs me. She was a pagan. You can imagine how large this tomb is, for in later times it was furnished with battlements and used as a fort.

Along the Via Appia there are other catacombs and the ruins of many tombs. I forgot to mention that the Via Appia runs through the Campagna, that immense desolation that surrounds Rome.

On another one of our trips, we went out of the Gate of St. Paul and along the Campagna

to visit the Church of St. Paul outside the Walls. This is a modern church, though there was a church founded here in the fourth century. In 1832, another church that was erected on this spot was totally destroyed by fire. Our guide, who spoke indifferent English, pointed out to us that St. Paul's was a combination of a pagan building and a Christian church, the nave being pagan in its architecture and supported by eighty granite columns. The columns supporting the canopy over the high altar are the gift of Mahomet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and there are malachite pedestals, which Emperor Nicholas, the Czar of Russia, presented. The mosaics in this church are of the fifth century. Some few years ago a discharge of dynamite in the vicinity destroyed the stained glass windows.

Adjoining the church are very beautiful cloisters of the thirteenth century, reminding one of the cloisters at St. John Lateran. Altogether this is a large and striking basilica, quite different from any church we have visited.

Jack was much amused by our guide, whose English was atrocious. Every little while he would point out something to us and say it was the work of the "Twelfthteenth" century.

After leaving the Church of St. Paul, we drove more than a mile further and came to

the Trappist Monastery of Tre Fontane. Here, St. Paul, by the command of Nero was martyred, and tradition says his head bounded three times after it had fallen to the ground. On each spot a fountain sprung up, and these were later enclosed in a chapel. Afterwards, at the end of the sixteenth century, a church was built which is now under the care of the French Trappists. The Campagna formerly was so unhealthy that it became deserted, and the Trappists were invited by the Holy Father to take possession of the church in 1868. A number of them died in the beginning, but the eucalyptus tree has been planted so extensively that malaria has now ceased to be a menace. One of the monks very kindly acted as our guide and conducted us around the grounds and through the church, pointing out the three wells or fountains, from which the church takes its name.

It was now nearly seven o'clock, and I began to have fears of the Campagna, because I have always heard that after sundown it is not a very healthy spot. The scene as we were coming back was very peaceful, and one can hardly imagine that this desert was once densely peopled and dotted with numerous towns.

On our way home, the driver of our carriage showed us the English Cemetery, but unfortu-

nately it was too late for us to tarry, which I regretted very much. Therein is the tomb of John Keats, one of my favorite poets, and the heart of Shelley is also buried there.

THE PALATINE HILL AND THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

We have been up on the Palatine Hill and through the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, great masses of bricks which once were covered with marble. It was the boast of Cæsar Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. A guide showed us through the ancient ruins, pointing out the different rooms used by the old Romans, of which I remember the Tablinum, or throne room, the Peristylium and the Triclinium, or dining hall. It is not without emotion that one wanders through the very rooms occupied by the great Emperors of Rome.

On this hill, Nero built his Golden House, which was so large that it extended across and beyond the Esquiline Hill. Nero, as it is commonly believed, instigated the burning of the city of Rome, and it is said that he played on his fiddle while the Imperial City was being reduced to ashes, After the fire he built his magnificent Golden House, but scarcely anything of it remains. I suppose Charles Dudley Warner took

the title of his novel, "The Golden House," from Nero's palace.

We have been over to Trastevere, which means "across the Tiber." I always thought till I came to Rome that the Tiber was the name of this ancient river. Here they call it the Tevere. It was a great disappointment to me when I found this out. I still think Tiber a much finer name than Tevere.

The Sublicium Bridge over the Tiber is the one Horatius Cocles defended. You remember Macaulay's poem where Horatius prays:

> "O Tiber, father Tiber!
> To whom the Romans pray,
> A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
> Take thou in charge this day!"

Now just imagine if that were changed to,

> "O Tevere, father Tevere,
> To whom the Romans pray."

It doesn't seem to have the true ring. Another thing that gave me a shock was seeing in the windows of a bookstore Shakespeare's plays labelled as the works of G. Shakespeare, William in Italian, being Guglielmo.

We drove up the heights of the Janiculum. It is not one of the seven hills of Rome, but it

is the highest hill in the city. We passed the Acqua Paola, one of the great Roman fountains, and came to the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, which is built on the spot where St. Peter was martyred. The view from the Janiculum is delightful. Just below us were the churches of Santa Maria in Trastevere and Santa Cecilia in Trastevere. The driver of our carriage pointed out to us the old Appian Way, the Alban and the Sabine Mountains, the town of Frascati, where they make good wine, and Monte Cavo, the highest point of the Alban Mountains.

We drove over from the Janiculum to the Baths of Caracalla, which are at the foot of the Aventine Hill. These great baths were built in Christian times by pagan emperors. They were begun by Caracalla, extended by Heliogabalus and finished by Alexander Severus, and contained a Tepidarium, Frigidarium and Caldarium. Are not those fine sounding words? I revel in such titles. Such names as Heliodorus of Helicarnassus, Theodore of Mopsuestia and Drummond of Hawthornden are to me a constant delight.

The Baths of Caracalla were so large that they could accommodate sixteen hundred bathers at one time and contained some of the greatest ar-

tistic treasures which have come down to us from early times.

As immense ruins, these baths are second only to the Coliseum. Of course, they have been stripped of the precious marbles that encrusted the brick work, which is all that now remains.

We passed a rather ancient looking edifice and Jack asked the driver what ruin it was. The driver, with rather a pitying look in his eyes, replied, "That is not a ruin, that is a tenement house." Of course, we all had a good laugh, but surely it did look like something of the twelfth century. Travellers, no doubt, ask very many foolish questions. W. W. Story, the well-known sculptor, on one occasion conducted a party of Americans through his studio to show them some of his work. He came to a bust that he had made of his own father, and before he had time to mention this, the spokesman of the party asked, "Well, sir, what is this intended to represent?" I suppose he thought it was mythological.

Archæology must be a very interesting study. I mean to take it up some day, now that I have seen so many ruins. If New York City ever falls into decay, won't the sky-scrapers make charming heaps for future generations to admire?

THE COLISEUM

SOME OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

When I discovered that Guido Reni's far-famed picture of Beatrice Cenci was in the Barberini Palace, I determined to see it, so the next time we went out for a drive I directed the driver to take us there.

When he arrived at the palace the custodian told us that it was closed. Of course, I was awfully disappointed. He hastened to explain, however, that while the museum was not open to visitors, still he would let us in. There was a turnstile at the entrance, but he brought us in another way and Jack paid him a dollar as entrance fee, which, of course, the turnstile did not record.

The gallery of the Barberini Palace contains the so-called Fornarina of Raphael. The Pitti Palace in Florence has another. There is a picture by Albert Durer, "Our Lord Disputing with the Doctors," which has the distinction of having been painted in five days.

I don't know what I can tell you about the head of Beatrice Cenci, except that I think it is most beautiful. I must confess I have never been able to appreciate Leonardo da Vinci's

"Mona Lisa," and to see in that face all that others see. But there is such a charm and loveliness about the face of Beatrice that I do not wonder that Nathaniel Hawthorne said that Guido Reni painted better than he knew.

The Barberini Palace, by the way, was the home of W. W. Story, the famous American sculptor, who lived on the third piano, which is the word by which a floor is designated. I wonder if they call the basement pianissimo?

We dropped into the Church of the Cappuccini, where there is a celebrated and beautiful painting of St. Michael, the archangel, by Guido Reni. There are subterranean burial chapels in this church which contain the bodies of the Capuchin monks. I never saw so many skulls gathered together. The bones of the monks are used for mural decorations. The sight, as you may imagine, is rather lugubrious and positively shocked Mrs. Lawlor. No doubt, the old monks were buried in this fashion from pious motives, but it is somewhat revolting to modern eyes.

I am sorry I did not get to the Rospigliosi Palace, which contains a ceiling painting by Guido Reni called "Aurora," depicting the Goddess of the Morning strewing flowers before the chariot of the God of the Sun.

We visited the Piazza di Spagna, which has always been called the strangers' quarters in Rome. It contains many book shops, and English is spoken here more than in any other place in Rome.

Looking down upon it is the Church of Santissima Trinità dei Monti, where the nuns sing vespers every evening. A long flight of steps leads from the church to the piazza. It is on these steps that artists' models were wont to congregate in picturesque costumes, waiting for painters to employ them.

In a house at the foot of these steps, on the left side, John Keats died. A very high column in honor of the Immaculate Conception stands just near the College of the Propaganda.

This afternoon Jack hired a driver who generally haunts our hotel, and who speaks a little English, and we let him take us where he wished. He drove us along the Corso and through the Piazza Colonna, where there is the column of Marcus Aurelius. The column is capped now with a statue of St. Paul.

We visited the Pantheon, or La Rotonda, as it is called. Our driver informed us that this was "important," accent on the last syllable. The Pantheon, erected it is supposed as a temple of all the Gods, must have been a beauti-

ful edifice when it was built, with its wonderful bronze dome, from which Michael Angelo copied the dome of St. Peter's. There is an opening in the roof through which the sunlight sifts and the rain falls, so sometimes you may see a pool of water on the marble floor. Raphael is buried here, as are also King Victor Emanuel II. and King Humbert I. The Pantheon in the middle ages was dedicated as a Christian church under the name of St. Mary of the Martyrs and mass is still said here occasionally.

From the Pantheon our guide drove us to the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, which gets its name from being built over the ruins of a temple of Minerva. This church contains some interesting treasures, the most famous of all being the marble statue of Our Lord by Michael Angelo. The foot of this statue has been protected by a bronze shoe to prevent the marble from being discolored by the thousands who wish to kiss the foot.

Our guide told us that we would next visit the Church of St. Augustine where there was a famous Madonna. When we arrived a service was being held and there was quite a crowd of people. The Madonna, of which our guide spoke, is one that is reverenced greatly in Rome. It is almost entirely covered with votive offer-

ings. The sacristan pointed out to us a painting of the Prophet Isaias, by Raphael. It is very much damaged and the coloring is faint. I was much pleased when I discovered that the tomb of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, was here. One of my greatest pleasures, when casually drifting into a church of which I know nothing, is to meet some unexpected treasure, painting or tomb.

On our way back from our drive, we stopped in at the Jesuit Church, the Gesù. Under an altar is the body of St. Ignatius. The Gesù is a very gorgeous church. My guidebook informs me that the block of lapis lazuli at the altar of St. Ignatius is said to be the largest in the world.

Almost every church contains some of this precious stone. The guide never fails to call your attention to it. It seems to me that the beautiful things wrought in the past in the cities of Italy ought to be left in them and not pass into the possession of American millionaires. They lose their setting and I think it is unfair to tear these treasures from the children of those who fashioned them.

AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER.

Jack received a telephone message from the North American College, telling him that an audience with the Holy Father was arranged for this morning. Accordingly we went bright and early to the college, and were conducted to the Vatican by Monsignor Kennedy, who was very kind and courteous to us. Jack was in full dress and we wore black dresses with black mantillas on our heads. I carried with me a box of beads and crucifixes to be blessed by the Holy Father, which I intend to distribute among my friends and the children of my Sunday school class.

We drove from the American College to the Vatican Palace. When we arrived there, Pope Pius X. had already started the audiences. There were a number of male servants dressed in rather gorgeous red livery who received us. After a short wait we were led through a number of rooms, in one of which Monsignor Kennedy remarked that Pope Leo XIII. had died.

It was in the next room to this that the Holy Father received us. Bishop Northrop, of Charleston, who was with our party, and Monsignor Kennedy went into the Pope's own room and had a short talk with him, after which they accompanied him to the room in which we were congregated. We all knelt down and the Holy Father blessed us, after which we were introduced to him separately.

I thought the Holy Father was about the most simple mannered man I had ever met. He seemed almost bashful. Monsignor Kennedy and Bishop Northrop did most of the talking. When the audience was finished, the secretary of the Pope showed him the beads and crucifixes I wished blessed, and he very kindly pronounced a benediction over them. I was charmed with the simplicity of the audience. I really pity the Holy Father in this matter of audiences. He gives more than any other Pope ever gave, and there is a constant stream of people from all parts of the world pouring in upon him.

Apropos of audiences with the Holy Father, I remember a story which a priest told me. He received a notice at his hotel that Pope Leo XIII. would see him and another priest. They started for the Vatican, and on their way met a clerical friend whom they invited to go with

them. The letter of introduction stated that the audience would be given to two priests. The Pope's majordomo objected, therefore, to a third person in the party, but the two priests fought it out with loud and strenuous arguments and finally had their way. When they came into the room where Pope Leo was waiting to see them, the old Pope said to them in French, "You are Americans." One of the priests answered, "Yes, Holy Father, how could you tell?" "Because," Pope Leo responded, "you make so much noise."

Owing to a lack of time we did not get a chance to see the Vatican Gardens where the Holy Father takes his recreation. After lunch and after we had rested a little while, we went back to make a visit to the Vatican gallery.

The Vatican, which adjoins St. Peter's, is the largest palace in the world, having twenty courts and eleven thousand halls and rooms.

At the door leading to the palace may be seen a number of Swiss guards in their gorgeous uniforms of red and yellow, which were designed for them by Michael Angelo.

We visited the Sistine Chapel, named after Sixtus IV. It is divided into two parts by a screen of marble, and contains a tribune for the choir. It is not wonderful that this chapel when

completed should have been the most beautiful one in the world, since the frescoes on the walls were done by such great artists as Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Perugino, Pinturicchio and Luca Signorelli. The paintings of these fifteenth century masters represent scenes from the life of Our Lord and from the life of Moses. Their artistic work is crowned by the roof of Michael Angelo, with his wonderful pictures of the creation of the world, the deluge and the last judgment. Time has not dealt so gently with these great paintings and their glory is much dimmed, but still they have been the admiration of great artists ever since the day when Rome first beheld them and went wild with joy.

From the Sistine Chapel we went to the Stanze of Raphael. These four rooms contain, according to some authorities, the most wonderful series of decorations in existence.

"The Dispute," as it is called, which is a glorification of the Blessed Sacrament, and the "School of Athens" were familiar to me from copies I had seen. They are in the Stanze della Segnatura.

In the Stanze dell'Incendio is the great picture of the conflagration which raged in the Vatican quarter and, according to tradition, was extinguished by Pope Leo IV. making the sign

of the cross. This picture gives the room its name.

In the Stanze d'Eliodoro there are a number of scenes from the Old Testament and the "Mass of Bolsena," which pictures the Sacred Host stained with blood.

In the Sala di Costantino are the paintings of those artists who succeeded Raphael. The picture gallery, which is called the Pinacoteca, contains a number of pictures by the old masters, which the British Government presented to Pope Pius VII. after the defeat of Napoleon. They had been taken from churches during the Napoleonic wars. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Fra Angelico, Perugino, Titian and many others are here represented. The "Madonna of Foligno," and the "Transfiguration" are the two best known of Raphael's pictures in this gallery. Domenichino's "St. Jerome," and Murillo's "Marriage of St. Catherine" are also famous.

We visited a gallery of modern paintings, most of them, I think, being presents to Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of his golden jubilee. Of course, these paintings have a freshness which is gone forever from those of the old masters.

We visited also the collection of statuary and saw that terrible marble group of Laocoon and

his two sons being strangled by serpents. This Greek "marvel of art," as Michael Angelo called it, was discovered in 1506. We also saw the Apollo Belvedere, which has been copied the world over. The Pagans glorified the body in sculpture and the Christians have brought out the beauty of the soul in painting.

We spent a most delightful afternoon at the Vatican, and I am sure it will take years of reading before I can gain anything approaching an exact knowledge of all that I saw in those few hours.

As we were about to leave the guide pointed out to us a papal guard and a national guard marching up and down upon a wall. One represented the church and the other the state. The national guard remained on state territory, the Vatican being recognized as outside of the King's jurisdiction.

AN EVENING DRIVE.

There appear to be very few Americans here at this time. Those to whom we talked in Paris about coming to Rome seemed to think it would be too hot in the Eternal City during August. We have not found it intolerable. It is rather warm in the sun for a few hours in the afternoon. Exposed places like the Piazza of St. Peter and the Forum are rather disagreeably hot, but when you are in the shade it is not uncomfortable, and the nights are pleasant.

We took a drive last evening around the city. We passed by the Forum, and I thought of poor Daisy Miller, of Schenectady, in Henry James' story. I have always felt that he killed her off with Roman fever rather too abruptly.

When we came in our drive to the fountain of Trevi, the most beautiful of the many Roman fountains, we got out of the carriage and threw pennies into the water. There is a legend that any one who throws a penny into the fountain of Trevi will return to Rome, and I do hope I will.

When the Italians are bidding one another

good-by, they say *"a rivederci,"* which means "to see you again." I said *"a rivederci"* to the fountain of Trevi. You see I am absorbing Italian. My knowledge of the language reminds me of a story a nun once told me. She had been a teacher of colored children in the West Indies. She taught them to sing a simple little hymn in Latin. One of her pupils sang the hymn at home, and her mother, after hearing her, said to a friend, "Those nuns are powerful good teachers. My child can now speak the Latin language as well as her own."

Our drive brought us to the neighborhood of the station at which we had arrived when we came to Rome. The Baths of Diocletian are near it. The Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli was built within a part of these baths by Michael Angelo. It is said to be a beautiful church.

The Via Venti Settembre, just beyond the church, takes its name from the fact that the Italian troops marched into Rome through the Porta Pia on September 20, 1870. Victor Emanuel II then became King of United Italy and the Holy Father ceased to rule in the Eternal City and the Papal States. This is why he is called the "Prisoner of the Vatican."

The Via Venti Settembre leads to the Qui-

rinal Palace, formerly the summer residence of the Popes, but now the palace of the King of Italy. In the piazza in front of the Quirinal are two great marble statues called the Horse Tamers. They are said to be the works of the great sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles, but there is no good authority for the statement. Of course, we did not visit the Quirinal Palace, as it was rather late to call on any one, especially a king. Part of it can, I believe, be visited with a written permission.

We came home by way of Trajan's Forum, which is filled with broken columns and contains a tall marble column called after Trajan. It is covered with reliefs depicting scenes from the wars he waged. Formerly his statue crowned the top of this column, but several centuries ago it was replaced by one of St. Peter.

Now that we are about to leave Rome, I regret we did not get to the Pincian Hill, where the Romans take the air in the afternoon while a band discourses sweet music. We did intend to go there, but the clerk in the hotel said the View of Rome from the Janiculum was better as it was a higher hill, so I must say regretfully "a rivederci" to Rome without having visited the Pincian. But, as I threw a penny into the fountain of Trevi, I can hope to come back again to

the city of the seven hills, where I have had too short a stay. I do not mean this as a complaint. I am very happy in having reached here. It has opened up to me much knowledge of

> "Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

One might say of Rome that "to love her was a liberal education."

We have come to a sudden determination to run down to Naples. This trip is not included in our circular tickets, but we feel that we have the time to spare and it would be a pity to go back home without seeing this interesting part of Italy.

NAPLES.

We arrived in Naples late this afternoon, having passed some interesting places on our journey here from Rome. The ruins of the old Claudian Aqueduct and the tombs on the Via Appia are visible as the train rushes across the Campagna. We came through Aquino, the city where both Juvenal and St. Thomas the Angelic Doctor were born. Further on the way, on the top of a hill, we saw the famous Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino, founded by St. Benedict in 529. We passed Capua and a few miles beyond it the town of Santa Maria, which is built on the site of the old city of Capua, once a rival of Rome and Carthage. Next we came to Caserta, which Baedeker calls the Versailles of Naples, but which means "the dreary house." Of course we were all anxious to catch a glimpse of Vesuvius. We had to possess our souls in patience for a time as another mountain, Monte Somma, hid it from our view. At last we caught sight of the old destructive volcano. Later the Castle of St. Elmo on the hill above Naples was pointed out to us, and shortly after we ran into the station.

VIA ROMA, NAPLES

There are some phrases that have been worked very hard since they first saw the light of day. One of them surely is *"Vedi Napoli e poi muori!"* ("See Naples and then die!") I have seen that advice translated thus: "Before dying, see Naples." This is not a literal translation, but it contains good advice. When you first enter Naples at the central station and drive to your hotel, you are not very favorably impressed. At least I was not, and I have heard of travellers who were so affected by the noise in the streets and by the unkempt look of the town, that they immediately, after arriving, took the train for Rome. Some people lose their courage too quickly, or let first impressions affect them too strongly.

> "Your nerves are hurt
> By that expression—dirt—nay, then I see
> You love not nature, art, or Italy!"

We are stopping at the Hotel de Londres. As soon as we found rooms, we accepted the invitation of an importunate hackman and entered his carriage for a drive. He proved to be the noisiest guide we have met. On the way he showed us letters from English ladies recommending him as an excellent guide and one who spoke English very well. As regards his English, it was the worst ever. He seemed to think

that the louder he shouted the better he made himself understood. After we had gone some distance we did not ask him any more questions because his shouting attracted too much attention. For instance, as we turned the corner of a street and caught sight of a soldier, our driver, placing his hand over his mouth so as to mask his voice, screamed, "It ees a captain in the army." Of course the captain heard the remark and drew himself up with dignity, resenting no doubt being pointed out on the public highway. After our guide made the announcement, he leaned back towards us and wildly shrieked, "Do you understandy me?" He certainly tried hard to please, but his wild war-whoops fell like lashes on the ambient air. Peace be to him, he meant well.

Life in Naples is lived in the open. We saw one young woman combing another's hair while she sat complacently in a chair on the sidewalk.

Via Roma, formerly called Toledo, is a very fine and busy street. As Naples is built on the side of a hill, many of its streets are precipitous and narrow and not very prepossessing in appearance, though picturesque for all that. Our guide pointed out to us the Church of St. Francesca di Paola, which is built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome; the Palazzo Reale and the

Theatre of San Carlo. We next entered the Via Parthenope and saw the Castello dell' Ovo, which is now used as a prison.

The Villa Nazionale is a pretty park running along by the sea. Further on we came to the Church of Santa Maria di Piedigrotta, the feast of which is kept with great solemnity in Naples.

There are two tunnels through the hill of Posilipo, which got its name from the villa of an epicure, the meaning of which is "Sans Souci." The old tunnel or grotto is associated with Virgil. Our driver pointed out to us Virgil's tomb. I really grew excited at this piece of information. Standing up in the carriage I shouted out *"Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."* It was all I remembered of Virgil from my convent studies, and I felt that I should lay this little offering at his tomb. My travelling companions thought I had taken leave of my senses, so I had to explain myself. Afterwards I found out from the guide-book that it is not at all certain this is Virgil's tomb. Guide-books are very matter of fact and destroy a great many beautiful impressions.

We drove through the old grotto in which there were many goats returning to the city. They are the milk supply of Naples. The goat

is milked while you wait. In this way you are sure to get fresh milk, even though it is not pasteurized. This grotto was built in the time of Emperor Augustus. We got a view of the village of Fuorigrotta, and then came back through the new tunnel, which is a modern piece of work and well lighted. We drove along the Riviera di Chiaia back to our hotel.

After dinner we paid a visit to the Galleria Umberto Primo, which is much the same as the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele in Milan. It was brilliantly lighted with electricity and well filled with people. We next took a walk along the Via Roma, to see the shops.

Jack then hired a carriage and we drove to the Cathedral of St. Januarius. Unfortunately it was closed. This is the church in which occurs the liquefaction of the blood of the saint twice a year, in May and September.

I thought I was among ancient things when I was in Rome, but here one gets still nearer to Adam and Eve. Over a thousand years before Christianity was founded, some Greeks came from the town of Cumæ and settled on the present site of Naples, calling it Parthenope, after one of the Sirens. Their settlement grew and a new town was formed and called Neapolis, to distinguish it from the older settlement called

THE GALLERIA

Palæopolis. The present city of Naples now takes in both of them.

Our hotel is situated opposite the Castel Nuovo, built by Charles I of Aragon when the Angevine princes ruled Naples.

It is not uncomfortably warm here, as I thought it might be. I have a nice little balcony outside of my room, where it is pleasant to sit and look out over the water. That you may see Naples before you die is my ardent wish.

VESUVIUS.

We did Vesuvius and Pompeii to-day. The agent who sold the tickets rather demurred at permitting us to do both in one day, as it is customary to take a day for Vesuvius and a day for Pompeii. Jack told him that he was sorry we were breaking a custom, but as our time was very limited, we simply had to do them. The agent finally acquiesced.

We went to Vesuvius under the care of Cook, who seems to be in charge of the volcano. On the way we passed Herculaneum, a city buried under mud from Vesuvius in the eruption that occurred in 79 A. D. Subsequent eruptions buried it deeper, so that for many centuries it was forgotten. Owing to the fact that the mud on cooling hardened into stone, it has been found too difficult and too expensive to quarry to any great extent this buried city.

Some art treasures have been discovered, and when the Italian Government begins in earnest to uncover Herculaneum, many more artistic things no doubt will be unearthed—a Venus or an Apollo, the beauty of which perhaps will electrify the world.

We made our ascent by a funicular railway, and we could see the streams of earth and lava which had been carried down the sides of the mountain in several different eruptions. Half way up there was a restaurant, and as the weather looked rather threatening, Mrs. Lawlor concluded not to go any further, so Alice remained with her while I pushed on with Jack.

When we came to the end of the railway, a number of guides, who looked like brigands, were awaiting us, and we mounted little ponies for the ascent to the crater of the volcano. We had not travelled very far when it began to rain, but still we pushed ahead, anxious to reach the cone. We had gone a considerable distance when suddenly the rain came down in torrents and the smoke from the volcano enveloped us. It became as black as night and I really was frightened. The smoke was so thick and disagreeable that I thought another eruption was about to begin. You may be sure I said my prayers, and oh, how I wished I could have sent a wireless to Alice to say one for me! All the terrible pictures I had seen of Vesuvius covered with fiery lava came back to me. The guides themselves seemed disturbed and quickly turned our ponies' heads to make the descent of the mountain. The scene was the wildest I have ever witnessed.

After we had gone down some distance, the guides brought us into a little shelter where we rested until the rain subsided. Even there, the lava of the volcano was hot to the hand.

We were sorry that we were unable to reach the cone and get a view of the crater, but I can assure you I was very glad to get back to the restaurant, for I was cold, wet and frightened. While we were at lunch we talked over our experience on the mountain. Jack discovered in his pockets that he had six pennies buried in separate pieces of hardened lava. I found that I had bought two. The guides place the pennies in the lava, which hardens about them. They sell them for a franc each. Quite a lucrative business, isn't it? Jack says he was so worried about me that he just remembers being pestered every little while by his guide to buy one of these volcanic souvenirs, and that automatically he handed out the six francs. He had a good laugh at himself. He says these guides would make fine "short change" artists.

The storm cleared away quickly and the sun came out warm, which I found pleasant after the drenching I got. As soon as we finished lunch we started for Pompeii. On the way we passed through Torre del Greco, which has suffered more from Vesuvius than any other town. After

THE CRATER, VESUVIUS

an eruption those who escape begin immediately the work of reconstruction. Very optimistic, isn't it? Vesuvius in a way is a good friend. The ground is more easily cultivated after an overflow, and this is an incentive to the natives to start again. On account of all that Torre del Greco has suffered, there is an old jest which says "Naples commits the sins and Torre del Greco pays up for them."

The next town is Torre Annunziata, which is famous for the excellent quality of its macaroni. In fact macaroni hanging out to dry is visible all along the line once you leave Naples.

There was a guide on board the train, and Jack accepted his services through Pompeii, the city of the dead. I had purchased in Rome a Tauchnitz edition of Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and had a chance to glance through it. Pompeii was utterly destroyed in 79 A. D. The most graphic description written of the destruction of Pompeii is that by Pliny, jr., who you may remember was a citizen of Como. It is in the form of a letter to Tacitus, the historian, and is very interesting reading. Pliny, the elder, who was in command of a fleet, rushed his vessels to the relief of Pompeii and met his death there. His nephew afterwards de-

scribed to Tacitus what he saw and what he heard from others of this fatal eruption.

The very existence of Pompeii was unknown for many centuries. That seems strange, doesn't it? It is now pretty well excavated. We were the only ones walking through this strange city this afternoon, and it certainly was a solemn experience.

At the corner of the streets there are large stones on which to step from one side to the other. There are deep ruts between the stones, possibly made by the wheels of chariots. The stepping stones allowed Pompeians on rainy days to cross the streets without getting their sandals wet.

The first place we visited was the museum, which is a gruesome sight, as it contains the forms of bodies that had been covered with ashes or mud during the eruption.

The house of the Vetti is very pretty. The original paintings and other decorations have not been carried off to the museum at Naples, but have been left here. In front of it there is a garden, which is an imitation of a Pompeian garden before the destruction of the city.

On the walls of the house are painted a number of busy little cupids engaged in different

kinds of work. They made me think of Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

The house of Pansa and the house of the Faun are two more I remember. Pansa is one of Bulwer-Lytton's characters. The house of the Tragic Poet also figures in the "Last Days of Pompeii" as the house in which Glaucus lived. Once when I was in Saratoga, I visited an imitation of a Pompeian house which was on exhibition there. It gave one an excellent idea of what houses at Pompeii looked like before the city was destroyed.

We caught a glimpse of an amphitheatre, but as it was some distance away, we did not visit it. We saw many ruins of theatres, temples and baths.

The Street of the Tombs is silent and beautiful. From one of the tombs Bulwer-Lytton copied the names which he used in the "Last Days of Pompeii."

In the cellar of the Villa of Diomedes near the city of the Tombs, there were found eighteen bodies of men, women and children who sought shelter there, but who were finally suffocated. It is a sad story—the last days of Pompeii.

The ruins of this buried city have not the grandeur of the ruins of the Forum, as Pompeii was only a provincial town and not to be com-

pared to Rome. It is most interesting, however, to walk through the streets of this silent city where so much has been preserved to us after the lapse of so many centuries.

We got back to Naples rather tired. We had practically done two days' work, but I could not bear the thought of missing either Vesuvius or Pompeii. This evening we rested ourselves by listening to a military band in one of the public squares which was crowded with people.

BLUE GROTTO.

We are back again in the Eternal City. Yesterday was one of the loveliest days we have had. We took a trip to the Blue Grotto, on the Island of Capri, near Naples. We got on board a boat at the wharf of Santa Lucia. Do you remember the boatman's pretty song in honor of St. Lucy? Before the boat started we were interested in watching boys dive for money thrown into the water by Jack and a number of other men. Those boys certainly were amphibious creatures. Our boat was rather a small one. There were a number of Italian officers on board, and while they may have been good soldiers they were poor sailors. We had not gone very far out on the beautiful Bay of Naples before they all surrendered to that unconquerable enemy, *mal de mer*. An army officer sea-sick is a sad sight; one hardly expects it. I was not sea-sick, but there have been times in my life when I felt better. The band of musicians made the time pass pleasantly, playing "Addio Napoli," "Carmela" and other Italian airs.

From the deck of the vessel we caught a new view of the busy City of Naples. We sailed by

Vesuvius and made our first landing at Castellammare, which is built over an old city called Stabia, which was destroyed at the same time as Pompeii. It is quite a resort for trippers. Our next landing was at Sorrento, another pretty spot. Here Torquato Tasso, the author of "Jerusalem Delivered," was born. Marion Crawford's villa was pointed out to us.

We met a Frenchman on board, who spoke English very well. He was steeped in ancient lore and pointed out many things which I would not have otherwise known.

Across the Bay of Naples is Pozzuoli. In olden days it was called Puteoli. Alice was deeply interested in this town, when she discovered that St. Paul arrived there in the ship *Castor and Pollux*. This incident in the life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles is narrated in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Old Æneas, too, sailed up this way, consulted the sibyl who dwelt at Cumæ, and buried his trumpeter at Cape Miseno, as you may read in the Æneid. Nearby is Lake Avernus. In ancient times it was believed that no bird could live near this lake, from which fact it gets its name. Homer and Virgil wrote of it as the entrance to the infernal regions. We saw the Islands of Nisida, Procida and Ischia.

When we came to the Isle of Capri, the sea was rather rough and choppy. For a time the captain of the vessel thought that it would not be safe for us to embark in the small boats. He changed his mind, however, and we went. Before entering the cave, we were compelled to lie down in the boat as the entrance to the grotto is only three feet high, so it is a rather novel and exciting experience. The rower gives a final pull with the oars and then throws them into the boat, grasping at the same time a chain by which he pulls the boat into the grotto. The rower of my boat nearly knocked my eye out in throwing in one of his oars. When I arose from the depths of the boat I beheld the most ethereal sight I had ever seen. There is no blue in the world like the blue of the Grotto Azzurra. This grotto is over one hundred feet in length and ninety-eight feet in width. It has a marvelous beauty of coloring such as one might suppose the vestibule of heaven would have. This is caused, I believe, by the reflection of the sunlight coming through the narrow entrance. A poet might catch its loveliness, but to describe it is beyond the power of my pen.

We were the last ones to leave the grotto. Those ahead of us had a very hard time in getting out as the sea was growing rougher every

moment. I wondered why our boatman insisted upon keeping our boat in the grotto until the others had made their way out in safety. I discovered afterwards that he was the captain of the fleet, and therefore wished to see the others out of the grotto before he left it himself. We got our reward for this delay, as a boy appeared just before we left and plunged into the water. He was a wonderful silvery sight as he swam around and scattered the strange blue water about him. We dipped our hands in the magic water and threw it about, delighted at the sight of it.

It is a difficult thing to get out of the grotto, for if an incoming wave should happen to strike the boat, there is great danger of being upset. The party ahead of us had a very hard time, which rather worried me, but whether it was due to luck or to the fact that we were in the care of the captain, our boat breasted the angry tide without the slightest difficulty.

After leaving the grotto, we were conducted to the little town of Capri, where we took lunch on the veranda of a hotel. Several women with strings of coral came to show their wares, and one of them handed me a coral necklace, the price of which was six dollars. I offered her three and she took it. Outside of a few of the larger stores,

there is no "fixed price" in Naples and the surrounding country.

After lunch, we drove up to Anacapri, a high hill above the town. On the way we passed a statue of a Madonna which our driver piously saluted. I was surprised to see Greek letters over the shops. The views on the way to Anacapri were glorious. Behind Anacapri is Monte Solaro, the highest point on the island.

We did not get a chance to visit the Villa Tiberius. It is here that the Roman Emperor came for his vacations, and he is well remembered through all these centuries as a cruel tyrant.

We had arranged to catch the six o'clock train from Naples to Rome, and our steamer was late in getting back to its wharf at Santa Lucia. I will never forget that ride through the City of the Sirens. We told our driver what we wished to do, and he said that he would make the train if possible. We jumped into his carriage and his old nag started. I never was able to get as much humor out of "John Gilpin's Ride," as others, but I think I appreciate it better now. We had to stop at our hotel to get our valises. The porters were ready for us, expecting that we surely would miss the train. Jack quickly crossed their hands with silver, the valises were

thrown into the carriage, and away we went at breakneck speed. The old steed acquitted himself gloriously and we made the train. Jack was the last one to jump into the compartment, the trainman locked the door, and the train immediately pulled out from the station. When Mrs. Lawlor got her breath, she turned to her son and asked, "Didn't you propose that I come to Europe for quiet and rest?" We had a good laugh.

We did not attempt to do any sightseeing this morning in the Eternal City, as we are leaving for Pisa after lunch. Do you remember in one of my letters the reference to the belief that those who throw a penny in the fountain of Trevi will return to Rome? It was after I had thrown the penny in the fountain that we decided to go to Naples, so the penny did its work sooner than I expected.

PISA.

I spend almost all the time on the train reading guide-books and gathering every bit of information I can before we invade a new town. Mrs. Lawlor marvels at my indefatigability, and Alice and Jack listen to me with great amusement as I read aloud.

We ought to have known better than to put up at a hotel so near the railway station, but that is what we did. We arrived here in Pisa last evening, and, being rather tired, we went to the nearest hotel, but we did not hit it off very well. Stale bread and sour tea were all that were served to us hungry ones. I thought of Shenstone's lines:

> "Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where 'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

I have often had this verse verified, but not on the occasion of our coming to Pisa. You really get a warm welcome when you arrive at the hotels over here. When the stage rolls up

to the door, the manager of the hotel appears and conducts you into his hostelry with many bows and much attention, but it was not so in Pisa; nobody seemed to bother their heads about us. After we had partaken of our hearty supper we retired—but not to sleep. There must have been a hundred locomotives in front of the Pisan station. That seems like an exaggeration. Well, if there weren't a hundred, there was, at least, one, and it kept up a continuous chortling and snorting. Once or twice during the night there was a lull, and I thought quiet would ensue, but, in a little while, a belching sound would break out again, which gave proof through the night that the train was still there.

Pisa is an ancient-looking place. It was a great commercial seaport town centuries ago, but its commercial glory has departed. The River Arno flows through it as it does through Florence. The sea filled up the mouth of the river with débris, and now the city is about four miles from the Mediterranean. Niccola Pisano, one of the great artists who wrought before the Renaissance, takes his name from this old town, as does a pupil of his, Andrea Pisano, who made one of the beautiful baptistery doors at Florence.

A guide offered himself to us at the hotel, and we accepted him. We drove through the town,

passing by a market place which was alive with people bargaining with many gesticulations.

The Duomo, Baptistery, the Leaning Tower and the Campo Santo form a most beautiful group, and are situated just outside the city. A lawn surrounds them, and I believe this is the only instance in Italy where a carpet of grass encircles a cathedral. When the Duomo is bathed in sunshine, as we saw it, the effect is lovely.

You have often seen pictures of the marble campanile or Leaning Tower, as it is called. It is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high and fifty-one feet in diameter. Its form is cylindrical and its massive base supports six open arcades. It leans from the base to its summit about fourteen feet. No one seems to know with any degree of certainty how this came about, but it is thought that it sank while it was being built, and that from the third story upwards an incline was given to it. I have bought you a very pretty miniature of it in alabaster. It was from the summit of this tower that Galileo demonstrated that all falling bodies, great and small, descend with equal velocity to the earth.

The marble cathedral with its richly decorated façade and its arches is splendid. It is in the form of a Latin cross. In the dome there is

a large mosaic depicting our Saviour together with the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Evangelist, which our guide told us was the work of Cimabue. Somehow or other, I have taken a great liking to Cimabue. He seems to have been the one who first began to do beautiful things, and thus he was the forerunner of the Renaissance. On the sides of the high altar are paintings by Andrea del Sarto. Another picture, "The Taking Down from the Cross," by Sodoma, was carried away by Napoleon, but it was afterwards restored to the Pisans. In the sacristy there is a small ivory statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Saviour, by Giovanni Pisano, which is considered very beautiful. The interior of the cathedral is spacious and majestic, and filled with many old columns taken from other buildings. Our guide called our attention to the fact that several of the columns leaned as the tower does. Jack says he thinks that Pisa is a hard town in which to keep straight. He bases his opinion on the fact of the leaning tower and the condition of our guide.

A bronze lamp hanging from the ceiling of the cathedral gave Galileo, so our guide informed us, his first idea of the pendulum.

The baptistery, which is circular in shape, supports a dome said to be the most elegant in Italy.

Its two greatest treasures are a large marble font and an elaborately ornamented pulpit, the work of Niccola Pisano.

The baptistery has a wonderful echo. Our guide, who was just the funniest little man I have ever met, broke out into a song without giving us previous warning, in order that we might hear the echo. He was standing next to me at the time, and it made me jump. I was surprised to find that he had such a good voice. Jack thinks he is about the most amusing thing that we have hit upon since we left home.

The Campo Santo is a very ancient burial-ground. Many shiploads of earth were brought to it from Mt. Calvary, and the cloisters which surround it are adorned with sculptures and paintings by renowned artists. The salt air of Pisa dimmed the frescoes, and they have been restored a number of times. Three chapels adjoin the cloisters. The frescoes on the walls depict scenes from the Old Testament, and some of them are rather crude. Those by Benozzo Gozzoli however are held in high repute. The most striking fresco is the "Triumph of Death," in which a gay party on horseback suddenly comes upon three dead bodies lying in their coffins. Quite an eloquent sermon, isn't it? The Campo Santo also contains a number of ancient

sculptures and Etruscan and Roman sarcophagi.

We did not get a chance to visit any of the other churches in Pisa, as we had to leave on the afternoon train.

When we returned to the hotel, there was a quarrel on between two carriage drivers, and the whole square was in an uproar. I never heard so much noise. I was afraid that a murder would be committed, but nothing happened.

We go from here to Genoa.

"LA SUPERBA."

We arrived here last evening about seven o'clock. On the way we passed Carrara, famous for its marble, and had a glimpse of the quarries on the hillside.

Genoa, "The Superb," is an up-to-date and fine appearing town. It is the chief seaport of Italy, and was formerly ruled by a Doge, the same as Venice.

Near the railroad station there is a large statue of Christopher Columbus, who was born near Genoa.

Jack picked out the Hotel Bristol, which is one of the finest hotels we have stopped at in Europe. We had dinner *al fresco,* dining on a balcony. The food was excellent, and, as we were all very hungry, we thoroughly enjoyed the meal.

After dinner Jack procured a carriage and we drove around the city until we came to a bridge over a viaduct, when it suddenly grew so dark and lonesome that we immediately turned back.

To-day being Sunday we attended Mass at

the Cathedral of San Lorenzo. This is an old church dating back to the beginning of the twelfth century, but it has been restored and changed many times. The façade is of white and black bands of marble.

After mass the sacristan showed us the beautiful chapel of St. John the Baptist. Under the altar there is a sarcophagus containing, it is said, some relics of the saint. We would have liked to look further, but, as it was near train time, we had to hurry away.

We did not have a chance to visit the Campo Santo, which is notable for its marble sculptures, the work of modern artists, where human grief is depicted in stone more vividly than in any other burial-ground in the world.

Genoa is famous for its palaces, of which there are many still remaining that were built in the days when the old aristocracy ruled the city. Of course, they are put to other uses at the present time.

We are about to leave here for Nice.

THE RIVIERA.

We arrived at this lovely paradise yesterday evening about six o'clock. The French Riviera is called "La Cote d'Azur," and well deserves the compliment.

The railroad from Genoa to Nice pierces the mountains, so there are innumerable tunnels all the way. In some parts there are openings, and, as the train flashes by, you can just catch a glimpse of the sea, and like Oliver Twist, you long for more. We were compelled to get off the train at Ventimiglia, the town that divides Italy and France, and, of course, there was a custom-house. The French custom-house inspectors examined our baggage quite thoroughly, and I had to pay duty on a number of rosaries that I had bought in Rome. The manners of these officers were disagreeable.

We passed the time waiting for the train to Nice drinking tea in front of a little hotel.

West of Genoa the Riviera di Ponente begins. We came through San Remo, which is the largest town along the Italian Riviera, and supplies St. Peter's in Rome with palm for Palm Sunday.

At Bordighera I noticed a convent, and the nuns were sitting out on a terrace. I thought how lovely life must be for them in such a peaceful spot, instead of being shut up in a small house in a crowded city. I advised Alice to look up the Community. We caught views of Mentone, Monte Carlo and Monaco on the way.

We are stopping at the Hotel de Luxembourg. After dinner we took a walk along the famous Promenade des Anglais. Near the hotel, in a public park, a band was playing and a crowd of well-dressed and prosperous-looking people were enjoying the music. It is impossible for me to describe to you the loveliness of this place. Jack was chatting with a young Frenchman last evening who said that if the Riviera had a defect, it was that it was too brilliant. Quite a pardonable defect! I shall never forget the charm of my first evening along the Promenade.

There is a tradition which says that Eve plucked a lemon from a tree in paradise and brought it with her into the outer world; subsequently she dropped it along the Riviera, and so this charming place possesses one thing that came from paradise. I don't believe in this tradition. I am sure neither Eve nor anybody else has ever handed the Riviera a lemon.

This morning after a good night's rest, I rose

early and opening out the French windows of my room, beheld the Mediterranean, which was as quiet as a lake. Though it was not quite seven o'clock, there were half a dozen people in bathing. In the distance could be seen the Island of Corsica on which Napoleon was born. I don't say that I saw it, but my guide-book tells me that it is visible in the distance on a clear day, and, just think, across the Mediterranean is Africa. How I would like to stay here for a few weeks! I know I have made that same remark about other places at which we have stopped, but still I cannot help repeating it here.

After breakfast Jack engaged an automobile to take us for a drive on the famous Corniche Road, which was constructed under Napoleon I. I have had some pleasant drives in my day, but nothing that ever compared in grandeur and beauty with this one.

The road from Nice ascends the foothills of the Maritime Alps, a combination of mountains and sea which is glorious. The chauffeur, who spoke good English, pointed out to us a stretch of land projecting into the water called St. Jean, which was founded by the Knights of St. John, who established themselves there. Afterwards Beaulieu and then Sur-Mer, two of the resorts of the Riviera, were visible. Another picturesque

place is La Turbie, on the mountain side, from which there is a railroad to Monte Carlo. Some distance beyond La Turbie our automobile broke down. The chauffeur got out and tried to fix it, but did not succeed. As the rest of the road was down hill, he let the machine go its own way. I thought that seemed rather reckless and my heart was in my mouth several times, as we swung round corners and came suddenly upon peasants who were walking up the hill. We continued down until we landed at Mentone. Our chauffeur said he would have to find a repair shop, and that it would take at least an hour to fix the machine. This suited us. Having had a bath in the Adriatic, I was anxious to have one in the Mediterranean. We found a bathing establishment nearby. The water was most delightful, but the beach was rather rocky. After we finished our bath, the chauffeur was waiting for us, and we started back for Nice along the coast road, which is called the Petit Corniche. The views along this road were also charming. The warm sun shining on mountain and sea, together with the white palaces along the hillsides, made a most brilliant picture.

When we came to Monte Carlo, Jack procured for himself and me tickets of admission to the famous Casino. Mrs. Lawlor and Alice con-

tented themselves with wandering around the grounds. We had to give our names and addresses to the "Administration." This time of the year there are not many visitors, so the Casino was only operating three tables. The people who were playing did not impress me as being very wealthy. It was interesting to watch the croupiers pulling in the money with their long hooks. The "Administration" does not allow the inhabitants of Monaco to gamble. It probably has enough trouble with visitors. Monte Carlo unfortunately is the scene of many suicides. Men who lose all they possess sometimes go into the beautiful gardens and blow out their brains.

After leaving the Casino we wandered through the gardens and along the terrace, and then, as we began to feel hungry after our dip in the Mediterranean, Jack thought it would be best for us to have our lunch at the pretty white Hotel de Paris, which is opposite the Casino. The choice was a good one, I can assure you.

Monaco is a principality, separate from France, and is presided over by a prince who leases the Casino to what is called the "Administration." Monaco is a huge rock, boldly rising from the sea, and is crowned by the prince's castle. One would think that it would make an

ideal fortress. It was at one time the home of pirates, and it looks the part. A more picturesque rock with the sea at its base I have never before seen.

When we returned to the hotel, we all agreed that our motor ride brought us through the most beautiful country we had ever visited.

We leave this afternoon for Marseilles.

MARSEILLES.

We are stopping at the Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix on the Rue Noailles, a continuation of the famous Rue Cannebiere, which are two splendid streets. You have heard the old joke that if Paris had a Cannebiere, it would be a little Marseilles. I mentioned this to the clerk at the hotel last evening, but he said that no one in Marseilles had ever made such a remark.

On the railroad yesterday afternoon, we passed through Cannes and Hyères. Admirable views are had all the way. Cannes is a pretty little town, not so large as Nice. It is famous for its yacht races. Hyères is another Riviera resort, and has the distinction of having been the birthplace of Massillon, the great French preacher, and the residence for a time of Robert Louis Stevenson. Great red cliffs overhanging the sea add to the picturesqueness of the many beautiful views.

We took supper in the station at Toulon and arrived in Marseilles about ten o'clock.

I am sorry that I cannot tell you more about this second city of France, the great town of the

Midi. The famous song of the Marseillaise takes its name from a battalion, which left here and went to Paris during the French Revolution. It was intended as a war song, but in the attack on the Tuileries during the Revolution, this battalion sang the Marseillaise, and thus it became the national air of the Republic.

After breakfast this morning we took a walk down the Rue Cannebiere to the harbor. About two miles out in the sea is the famous Chateau d'If, which figures in "Monte Cristo."

Several detachments of soldiers came down the Rue Cannebiere on their way to Africa. They seemed to be small men, not so rugged looking as those of our own regular army. Their costumes are very picturesque in the paintings by Meissonier and Detaille, but in reality they did not appear so to me. Perhaps it is better to have small soldiers, for then the bullets can pass over their heads. We are leaving this morning on a thirteen-hour trip to Paris. No doubt we will be rather tired when we get there.

PARIS.

We arrived in Paris last night at eleven o'clock on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Express. What a fine-sounding title for a train! It reads like the beginning of a detective story. We had not wired ahead for rooms, and the hotel was so crowded that they had to put up beds for us in small parlors.

It was a pity that one had to be whirled so rapidly through old Provence with its many interesting towns. Here the troubadours sang and chivalry was born, and long before these, the Greeks, Romans and Phœnicians built amphitheatres and aqueducts, some of which still remain. It is the land of the mistral, that great wind which comes down from the mountains. Isn't it strange that the name of the most famous of Provençal poets is also Mistral? Have you read his "Mireio?" It is the great poem of the Midi. Arles, Tarascon, Beaucaire, Orange and Avignon. Haven't these cities of the Rhone a musical ring like the sound of a great amen? It would have been fine to have gone through these towns in a motor.

In Arles there is a wonderful old Roman am-

phitheatre and the ruins of a Roman theatre. Tarascon, to which we next came, was the home of Tartarin, made famous by Alphonse Daudet. It has a castle in which King René, the good, the Count of Provence, once resided. Across the Rhone, opposite Tarascon, is Beaucaire, which was the scene of that beautiful mediæval, though somewhat irreligious, romance called "Aucassin and Nicolette." I first became acquainted with it in Andrew Lang's translation which was published by Mr. Mosher up in Portland, Maine. Is it not strange through what devious ways culture comes? I believe that Robert Browning said that some of the finest criticisms of his poems were sent to him from Chicago. Perhaps they were flattering? Avignon, which is the next stop that is made after Tarascon, will always be famous for once having been the residence of the popes. The papal palace is still in existence, though now it is used as a barracks. It was at Avignon that Petrarch caught his first glimpse of Laura. Orange boasts of a Roman theatre and a triumphal arch. The theatre is still in good condition, and the seats have been restored. The players from the Comédie Française perform in this open-air theatre in the summer.

All I could do as the train passed rapidly on

was to wave my hand out of the window with a good-by to Provence, where the farandole is danced, where the sun shines so warmly, and where laughter and music are in the air.

VERSAILLES.

We have been back two days in Paris. Yesterday we gave over to shopping. I was buying a few souvenirs in a jewelry store in the Rue de la Paix and got chatting with one of the clerks. We have all been in this particular shop several times, so he knows us. In the course of conversation he remarked that the lady's diamond ring that Mr. Lawlor bought this morning was very beautiful. Mrs. Lawlor had mentioned to me several times during the trip that her son was in love with a young woman. As she did not give me any further information, I did not make bold to inquire about her. I wish her great joy, because she is going to get a splendid young man for her partner through life.

We spent to-day at Versailles viewing the palace of Louis XIV. We arrived there about mid-day and had lunch in the town. After lunch we made our way to the palace, which is considered to be the most beautiful one in Europe. Louis XIV established his court here. It was originally a hunting chateau built by Louis XIII. "Le Grand Roi" desired to have the

VERSAILLES

most beautiful dwelling and surroundings in the world, and he succeeded.

A guide took us in charge after we entered the gateway and showed us through the palace. It is now, as you know, a national museum. It is full of noteworthy things, but I can only describe to you a few that I remember.

The Galerie des Glaces is perhaps the most wonderful room. It is two hundred and thirty-five feet long, has seventeen large windows overlooking the charming gardens, and more than three hundred bevelled mirrors. When it was filled with the furniture of the time, and the soft light of the candles in the silver candelabra was reflected by the mirrors, and Louis XIV and his court were assembled there, it must have been a dazzling sight. Its vaulted roof is the largest painted surface in France, and is the work of Le Brun, Louis XIV's great painter.

From the balcony of the Galerie des Glaces, Pope Pius VII gave papal benediction in January, 1804, and it was in this gallery that the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of Germany in January, 1871.

Jack was interested in the room of Diana, which was the billiard room of Louis XIV. Jack is very fond of billiards, and was pleased when he found out that "Le Grand Monarque"

was a good player. There are rooms dedicated to Venus, Mars, Mercury and Apollo. Then there is a room of wigs, as it was the custom of Louis XIV to change his headdress several times a day.

The bedchamber of Louis XIV contains the bed in which he died in 1715, after a reign of seventy-two years. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette had to appear on the balcony outside of this room and promise the Parisian mob that they would for the future live at the Tuileries.

We were conducted into a room called the "Bull's Eye," on account of an oval window near its entrance.

The rooms of Marie Antoinette, which had been formerly those of Marie Leczinska, the wife of Louis XV, interested me very much. There is an absurd story connected with one of these rooms, which says that Marie Antoinette was horrified when she came into it and saw herself reflected without a head in a mirror. I have always been deeply interested in this unfortunate queen. I remember, when I was a little girl, seeing a play which portrayed the separation of Marie Antoinette from her children. I recollect that the scene made a deep impression upon me, and I think her violent death is one of the saddest things in French history.

The apartment of Madame de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV, is where the ladies of St. Cyr played Racine's "Esther" and "Athalie."

Another splendid room is the "Gallery of Battles." This is a magnificent hall nearly four hundred feet in length built by Louis Philippe, and contains pictures of famous French battles.

We visited the chapel, which, my guide-book tells me, is a masterpiece of the pompous style of the period. It was begun by Mansart, who was the great architect of Louis XIV.

Besides the apartments of the palace, there is a museum consecrated "To all the glories of France."

Mrs. Lawlor is very much amused with me when we are going through such places as Versailles. I always get at the head of the procession of sight-seers, and I suppose I appear so interested that invariably the guide gives me all his attention and addresses his remarks especially to me. I often feel foolish at times, because he rattles off French so rapidly that it is only when he uses such familiar words as "Louis Quatorze" or "Marie Antoinette," that I really know where I am at. It does not require much knowledge of French to understand the guide when he conducts you to a room and tells you that it is the "Appartement de la Reine Marie Antoinette."

After viewing the palace we went out into the gardens. They are a dream. This may not be a very specific description of them, but it fits my mood. They are the work of Le Notre, the most famous of all gardeners, and are filled with beautiful fountains, which unfortunately, did not play while we were there.

At the foot of the stairs leading from the palace is the Latona Basin, and beyond it is the Lawn, the Apollo Basin and Grand Canal. I don't believe I have ever seen such an abundance of beautiful flowers. Louis XIV had one hundred sculptors at work in these gardens, so that at every turn you make, you come upon statues in marble, bronze and gilded lead. The Grand Canal, cruciform in shape, is a mile in length, so you see everything was laid out in generous proportions.

The Grand Trianon, as it is called, which adjoins the gardens, was built by Louis XIV on the site of the little village of Trianon, from which it takes its name.

The Petit Trianon is more famous as it is so closely associated with the memory of Marie Antoinette, who spent a great deal of her time there living a country life. There are a number of rustic houses called the Hamlet. In the dairy the queen used to make butter with her own

hands. It is because of the calumnious stories of her life here that the French populace became enraged, and shortly afterwards the Revolution broke out.

Surely the gardens of Versailles must have been wonderful under the régime of the French kings, who were so fond of amusing themselves. Moonlight nights here must have been enchanting. Gondolas with dukes and duchesses passing to and fro on the Grand Canal, the air filled with soft music, the fountains splashing and the "le Grand Monarque" looking down upon it all, must indeed have been an unusually splendid sight.

AU REVOIR.

We are on board the tender at Cherbourg waiting for the American liner, *St. Louis,* from Southampton to take us back home. I am so excited that I can scarcely write. The greatest event of my whole life has happened! As I have always made you my confidant, I will try as best I can to tell you the very surprising thing that occurred a few moments ago. Jack and I had wandered to the bow of the tender, and we were chatting about the pleasant trip we had through Europe. He said he had enjoyed every moment of it, and he hoped the friendship which had sprung up would remain unbroken for all time. I assured him heartily that I felt the same way. I was a little surprised by the ardor and excitement of his manner, and, after an awkward pause, he produced the diamond ring he had bought in Paris, and asked me if I would not accept it as a souvenir of the trip. Of course I told him, as soon as I could catch my breath, that I could not think of accepting such a valuable present, as he had been throughout the entire journey most generous to

Alice and me, and that I could never repay him for all his kindness. He hesitated a moment, and then said, "Really, I don't mean to offer you the ring as a souvenir of the trip, but merely as an excuse to tell you that I love you." I turned and looked at him in great surprise, thinking that he was joking, but there was such a serious look in his eyes that I became terribly frightened. "Why, Mr. Lawlor!" I exclaimed. Just then, his mother and Alice came along and changed the current of our conversation. This was a blessing, as I did not know what answer to make. Of course I feel greatly flattered, for I do think that Jack is the finest young man I have ever met.

I will write you again about this important matter.

HOME AGAIN.

You must forgive me for not writing sooner, but really, things have happened so rapidly that I did not have an opportunity to do so. I meant to have written you on the steamer, but I concluded that I had better wait until I was settled at home before sending you a letter.

On the third finger of my left hand I am wearing a diamond ring. Isn't it funny the way things turn out? Of course I am very happy. Alice is, too. Mrs. Lawlor gave my father a very serious talk on the wrong of interfering with a girl's religious vocation. She told him that she had many conversations with Alice, and believed that she would be happy only in a convent. Finding everybody against him, he has at last withdrawn his objection.

As you usually come to New York in the fall, I look forward with more interest than ever to your visit. I expect you to be my bridesmaid. Let me know when I may expect you.

THE END

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